TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1927 — NUMBER 15

Burn the Books!

THERE are some words that mean far more than they seem to say because they echo back and back and back into the history of the race. When they are pronounced, a faint thrill as of ancestral memory greets them. They have power to stir anger or fear without further context or argument because their possible meanings are felt long before they are understood. A sense of insecurity follows them and for the moment complacency opens a tiny crack. This happens when they talk of burning our books.

For books are not burned as a convenient method of eliminating the undesirable. They are burned with fire as a symbol. Opinion is to be suppressed, and suppressed by violence. There is one way of thinking and only one permitted. If facts or opinions displease us, let them be burnt—as a warning.

We are much too complacent in believing in the permanency of this little island of time, a century broad, on which we stand, and where liberality in beliefs and tolerance of opinion are a common possession. It was hard won and will be easily lost. One earthquake will not carry it down, but there are those who believe that already it is slowly subsiding. The scientists were warned years ago that they should keep the masses informed of the progress of their thinking. They scorned "popularizing" and harassed members of their own profession who stepped aside from research to tell the public what was happening. Then ignorance swept up from behind and smote them—and behold the two armies could scarcely understand each the other's language. Now the historians are attacked. They had assumed that truth was wanted and rather ruthlessly sought for it. But it was not truth, it was culture heroes or symbols for patriotism. Burn their books!

* * *

The Chicago farce is in danger of being taken too lightly. Mayor Thompson is not as complete an ass as he seems. Stupid men, corrupt men, short-sighted men, insincere men become successful politicians, but seldom fools. He is probably much less anti-English than Ramsay MacDonald or Lloyd George, and indeed it is questionable whether he has even troubled to think out what the King proposes to do with America when he gets it. His mind is set on the more serious question of how to keep the political bonfire smoking while he picks from his pocket borough of Chicago whatever he may want—perhaps a national candidacy, perhaps something else.

He is no fool and if he chooses race prejudice and nationalism to play upon it is because in America race prejudice and nationalism are both inflamed and easily stirred into action. And if he turns upon books it is because the logic of the situation carries him there. If diverse opinion and dangerous fact are to be stamped out, they must be stamped out in books. As long as one honest book freely circulates no bigot is safe. There is evidence already that the Mayor regrets attacking the libraries. But he could not help himself. Every demagogue who follows the Thompson plan will have to. Even if he fears the fire, he will be forced to raise the old cry of "burn the books."

Take warning, therefore, you who love books because you believe in free opinion and free fact circulating where they can be known, discussed, affirmed, or denied. You are not so safe as you think. The Mayor Thompsons of the world are shrewder than you are. The serpent has always estimated human character in the mass more justly than the dove. It is he who lives by the public who knows best what the public can be counted upon to do under circumstances of his own creation—and he will not hesitate to create. The black forces of intolerance are always ready just below the surface of the best of us, and in every community they are held back only by the use and wont of our times in more places than one likes to think of. It is not a question of religions or of races, but rather of a human quality as innate as bloodthirstiness and cruelty and with as great difficulty held in control. It has been easy for us—but the ease may be departing.

Burn the books! How often that old slogan has meant the throttling of civilization, the setting back of the clock, the postponement of the good life. Perhaps it was always some Thompson intent upon far different and more sordid ends that set it going. What matter. We have forgotten the Alexandrian politicians, but not the destruction of their library. There will always be a mob with a torch ready when someone cries, "Burn those books!"

Marriage

By VIRGINIA MOORE

NEVER reproach me and never ask why
Now that I've married a faun:
A tapering thigh, a pitying eye,
And the look of the mountains at dawn.

Measure a man for his ultimate worth
And see how my husband compares:
The language of earth was his language from birth
And his ear is a thicket of hairs;

Brown as the forest, with bushings of gold,
Whittled and jointed and wild—
In view of the mould and the conquering cold,
I think that I favor a child

Resembling the father, resembling the faun,
And matched to the heart's deep choice . . .
And maybe the one who inherits the sun
Will trample the leaves and rejoice.

This Week

"Trails Plowed Under" and "Cow Country." Reviewed by *Struthers Burt.*

"The Good Hope." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*

"Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Andrew Jackson." Reviewed by *William MacDonald.*

Mr. Moon's Notebook. By *William Rose Benét.*

"Red Sky at Morning." Reviewed by *Amy Loveman.*

"The Woodcutter's House." Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*

Essays by George Jean Nathan. Reviewed by *Hazleton Spencer.*

In Geneva. II. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Case of Julien Green. By *Abel Chevalley.*

The Literary Channel Swim

By MILTON WALDMAN

THE temptation of the mind to seek rigid classifications is among its strongest properties. When England emerged victorious in 1918 from an all-European war it was widely believed that that fact would bring about a literary renascence parallel to the one which followed a similar cataclysm and a similar result in 1815. The conclusion proved unsound, and elaborate reasons were discovered forthwith for its unsoundness. The parallel had been incomplete: too many factors distinguished the Great War from the last Napoleonic struggle. The passion for classification then sought to establish another all-embracing truth—since the years after 1918 were not exactly like those after 1815, they were therefore in every respect different. Since none arose to write like Keats and Shelley, a large number decided that the only good poets were those who wrote as unlike Keats and Shelley as possible. It was not, of course, difficult to find many of the latter variety—nor would it have been a hundred years ago.

No generation is totally unlike its predecessors and none can be totally unlike them, but there persists at all times the tendency to stress respectively the similarity or dissimilarity with the past. Probably the strength of this opposition is greater now than it usually is, perhaps than it ever has been, because of the marked differentiation of opinion produced by a war which affected the population to a depth and a degree never before experienced. It was so terrific and lasted so long that it tended to separate visibly those who held different attitudes to the past and to label them pre-war or post-war. But it complicated matters further by creating, because of the length of the time in which it was the primary factor in moulding contemporary thought, a definite war generation.

* * *

The pre-war point of view accepts the war as part of history, especially as part of the history of England. While deploring the cost in suffering and death, it yet embraces even these as part of the great plan of human destiny, conceiving that they contribute in some inscrutable way to the tale of man's glory and ultimate salvation. It declines to believe that those four years mark a break in the continuous history of England; it holds that the wounds will heal and leave only scars of memory, in no way affecting the health and character of the national body. Just as James I inherited from Elizabeth essentially the same England which she had inherited from her sister, her brother, and her father, so Edward VIII will receive from George V a country only superficially changed from that handed down by Victoria to Edward VII.

The war generation, styled by one of its gifted products as "the ugly duckling generation," is for the most part temperamentally in accord with its elders. But it *fought* the war and came out somewhat less hopeful and philosophic than it had gone in. The theory of God's working out his plan through human suffering could not always be maintained in the very sight of so much anguish which seemed gratuitous. Those that survived were bound in some measure to loathe the dirt and blood and pain, to resent the seeming waste of the gifted ones who had perished, to stand aghast before the sordid and stupid arrangements predicated upon the results of their sacrifices. It was difficult to apply the classic mood of tragic reconciliation to the horrors in the immediate foreground or to prevent the war from taking in their writings a part disproportionate to its part in all history.

The post-war generation is minded to solve these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggles of the spirit by repudiating them altogether. The world had been in a mess; the war was convincing evidence of that fact. No good, it says, can come for the future out of an inept civilization which had clumsily and unsuccessfully tried to commit suicide. The past is a concluded sentence; the war was its full stop. While waiting for the pattern of the future to reveal itself the subscribers to this point of view have apparently decided, for the most part, to take nothing too seriously, to accept no values for longer than today, to believe nothing which may not consistently be rejected tomorrow. Since so many of the values of the past proved false, all of them probably are. And since the past discovered these values largely by intuition and established them principally by poetry, the dissenters will have none of these—it will seek out its own truths, if truths there be, by empirical test, and establish them by the methods of the laboratory.

One uses such terms with reluctance because the passion for classifications is certain to give them meanings which they are not capable of bearing. These groupings exist, can be defined, and the labels here employed are useful in referring to them. But it would be absurd to claim that the divisions between them are so clear as to amount to segregation. Many writers share in two of these points of view, and some perhaps in all three, although I have never met any of the latter. The pre-war generation did not stop writing in 1914 nor the war generation in 1918; many of the lights of post-war literature were already glimmering before Versailles, although some of them displayed different colors and perhaps diffused less heat.

It should be distinctly borne in mind, furthermore, that these labels are based on outlook, not on age. The most distinguished of the post-war writers are of sufficient years to have taken part in the war and even to have been producing before its commencement; they would not be distinguished if they were only now serving their apprenticeships to their craft. I call them post-war because they command the interest and emulation of that younger generation which repudiates, so far as it can, the past and its lessons. It is not the few years which separated the birth of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Joyce which make it easy to separate them and their respective admirers according to the definitions offered above. In the last analysis one always finds that it is the attitude towards the past which is the true test of differences.

It is in the application of this test that one can perceive not only the difference between individual and individual, but between group and group. One finds that the war generation seeks an accord with its elders, and is unhappy when unable to attain it, whilst it remains hostile to and contemptuous of its post-war juniors. The latter strongly reciprocates these sentiments. It tends to view the pre-war generation tolerantly as old people who have stopped writing altogether, while ridiculing the war group as mere insipid imitations of what these others used to write.

* * *

These attitudes are illuminating as to the real state of affairs. Such poets as Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas, James Elroy Flecker, Siegfried Sassoon, and Edmund Blunden were bred in the tradition of Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, and A. E. Housman. One can find the note of tragic pessimism in all of them; one can equally detect the presence of a belief in an overruling destiny which forbids complete resignation to the mood of hopelessness. The difference between these two groups lies in the fact that the elder was already prepared by its philosophy even for so great a catastrophe as the war, whereas to the younger, still buoyant, it came as a swift derangement of the scales which tend to show a balance of good and evil in human life. An unnatural despondency followed, but rarely such resentment as the post-war people showed against the fathers whom they accused of having mismanaged the world and deceived them regarding its true nature. Superficially it has seemed that many of the war group have moved over toward the post-war point of view, because many of them have become absorbed in that experimentation with form for its own sake which is one of the obvious characteristics of that point of view. But kinships are determined by something profounder than prosody—no man is more alert in experiment than Dr. Bridges, the octogenarian laureate. And in appraising the character of the group of writers who belonged to the period of the war, it must not be forgotten how many of the best of them failed to survive it—Thomas, Flecker, and Brooke were completely in the tradition and, had they lived, would have declined in any way to repudiate it.

Many of the post-war people say, it must be granted, that they are not seeking to discard the tradition, but to link it with their own day. They even urge that, if a break has occurred, it is due to the influence of writers of the kind named above. Thus Mr. T. S. Eliot attempts to revive a style bearing resemblances to certain poetry written in the seventeenth century, and the Sitwells trace their descent from Keats. But tradition is not usually marked by such *lacunæ;* it is more or less continuous, and handed down by fathers to sons who recognize one another. A long leap into the past always bears some suspicion of archaicism, of romantic investigation rather than living inspiration. The pre-Raphaelite movement, charming as are some of its products, was doomed to end in sterility, to come to a dead end, and so it did. One cannot be born from the loins of one's great-grandparents.

* * *

Others, in their impatience to create a "new" literature which shall rival the greatness of the old, seek their inspiration abroad, and this, too, is a suspicious circumstance. For the glory as well as the defect of the best English writing is that it is highly provincial—less than any other people have the English looked abroad for their material. Even today far fewer translations of foreign literature appear in England than almost anywhere else. The music of Beethoven and Debussy is less heard than native melodies, superior as the former may be; and imitation of the great foreign musicians has as little effect in improving the native symphonies and operas as had Burne-Jones in causing Reynolds's compatriots to paint like, or as well as, Titian or Velasquez. The post-war youth have feverishly taken up and dropped the Russian ballet, the "abstract" cinema, negro jazz, and a score of other exotic plants wherein they hoped to find seed with which to fertilize the native culture, but they seem as little likely to succeed as if they were to make an effort to induce their countrymen to prefer an orchid to a rose or terrapin to roast beef. This effort has been made before, with seeds imported from the Latin countries; it was at the heart of the Nineties movement, but, in the light of a thirty years' perspective, the work of Wilde and Beardsley does not seem so important as it did to them and their disciples.

In fact the greater part of the difference between the writers of the post-war generation, diverse as they themselves are in many ways, and the others, can be accounted for by this element of exoticism. In their preaching and their practice, the former have proclaimed the new cult of the Unconscious, attempted the serious interpretation of urban industrial society, experimented with German Expressionism and French verse forms. The normal Englishman may admit the value of the psychoanalytic science, but he cannot take his unconscious seriously; he may grant that the centre of modern life is moving from the country to the town, but he will deplore the fact nevertheless; he may be entertained by Kaiser or Cocteau, but they have no power to move him. This attitude may be perverse, stupid, provincial, and often is, but the fact cannot be altered—any more than can the fact that it is from and for such a race that some of the greatest literature in the world has been written. Outside their genius, Shakespeare and Johnson and Dickens and Wordsworth were just such Englishmen; it is significant that the rest of Europe prefers Byron and Wilde. Unless these island people have changed radically, they will continue to prefer their own and be impervious to what goes on abroad.

* * *

This, I think, is the reason why such able writers as Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Eliot, and others, greatly as the younger people admire them, do not gain the wider audiences to which their talents entitle them. The complaint of their admirers is just, but it cannot alter the basic situation. Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Joyce, for instance, are profoundly interested in what goes on inside men and women who live under the strain of modern urban life. Their method of finding it out is to apply to their art processes largely akin to those that Dr. Freud applies to his science. The results may be more penetrating, more exactly in accord with the conclusions which a psychologist or psychiatrist may draw from observing the same subjects, but unquestionably they are less imaginatively satisfying than the more superficial presentation of human character practiced by Hardy or Conrad. By superficial I mean to imply, of course, nothing derogatory—merely that these older writers were content to study the aspects of conduct as they manifest themselves externally, and to relate them to a philosophy of life, whereas the younger are bent upon the discovery of the hidden springs of conduct as a complete task in itself. The disturbing question that often arises, even when the task is satisfactorily completed, is a new version of the familiar old query: "It's ugly, but is it art?"

Often it is; but even so it is an exotic art and hence unlikely to graft itself on the ancient tradition for the reason I have given above, namely that only indigenous flowers, watered from English springs, are likely to flourish in English soil. The English mind is not an exact mind, neither does it easily grasp the fantastic, and this so-called post-war literature appears to be expecting it to put forth both these faculties. Rupert Brooke and Julian Grenfell attempted to transmute the horror of war into glory. To such men as Mr. Joyce or Mr. Ford Madox Ford, this seems mere "escape." *Their* efforts are directed toward getting at the exact mental chemistry of the combatants, to learn and expose without hoping or judging. But it seems likely, unless all things are about to change, that the future English writer will see war as Shakespeare or Tennyson saw it, as something terrible but wonderful, as one of the outlets for "the unconquerable spirits of man" rather than as another re-agent whereby to test his obscure impulses.

* * *

It is curious to consider that this scientific realism, this dispassionate examination, is unable to stop with itself, as it would like to do. It, too, seeks "escape." Unable to rest satisfied with finding truth in a world in which it can discern no beauty, it constantly tends to fly off in the direction of total unreality, of almost unrestrained fantasy. I am not speaking here primarily of deliberate efforts in this direction, like those of Mr. David Garnett or Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner. It seems to me that the ultimate impression left by such books as "Mrs. Dalloway," by Mrs. Woolf, Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses," Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Those Barren Leaves," the war trilogy of Mr. Ford, and the sex novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, is a fantastic one. All of these writers have tried to record, precisely and minutely, the passing sensations, impulses, and thoughts of a group of characters. They have, in their various ways, come near to leaving nothing whatever out. Yet I am certain that most readers, on closing these books, feel as if they had been temporarily carried away from life as they recognize it altogether. The intense striving for reality has created an atmosphere of the wildest unreality, and the people in these novels move about in a world that seems spun very largely out of their authors' grotesque imaginings. Do not Mrs. Dalloway and the man who committed suicide (his name was Smith, I think—I am quoting only from memory), Stephen Daedalus and the Blooms, Christopher and Sylvia Tietjens, Mr. Huxley's sophisticated roués, and Mr. Lawrence's sex-absorbed unfortunates all seem a little distorted, citizens of that same country where the lady became a fox and the missionary destroyed a god? This is not meant to be a kind of ethnocentric depreciation; that country was also peopled in part by Dickens and Peacock and Mr. Walter de la Mare. I am only suggesting that these poor modern folk arrived there without the previous knowledge of their creators as to where they were going. And I fear that they will not, in the future, be recognized by visitors from home; for instead of being properly unreal, by right of birth, they only become so from an excess of reality, and were involuntarily deported, so to speak.

No doubt the same result would be obtained in every country. Every literature is at bottom national, local. But the English, I repeat, is particularly so, and no amount of investigation designed to convince the Englishman that he is what he thinks he is not will entertain him for long. He believes himself composed more largely of his conscious than of his unconscious aspirations, is interested more in the manifestations of his conduct than in its psycho-chemical causes. Anything which points to the conclusion that he is a bundle of repressed desires, a potential nympholept or pederast or coward or weakling constantly slipping out of the control of his own will, seems to him the product

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a distorted imagination. He will not accept it as truth and it repels him as fantasy.

Of course it is possible that society is altogether changing, that industrialization, the shock of the war and its aftermath, the spread of rapid communication beyond even the dreams of a generation ago, will not only alter mankind but obliterate the character of nations. In that event it may be that this post-war writing is forecasting the literature of the future. But if, as I believe (and that belief must, of course, color these conclusions), England is to remain essentially what she is for so long a time as the mind can foresee, then one can only predict that the tide of historic tradition will, in its slow but resistless pace, absorb what it can assimilate of this present writing and carry on, its course unaltered, into the future.

(*Another point of view on the youngest "young generation" will be given by Frank Swinnerton.*)

Cowpunchers

TRAILS PLOWED UNDER. By CHARLES M. RUSSELL. Illustrated by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $3.50.

COW COUNTRY. By WILL JAMES. Illustrated by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THE best way to begin a review of these two books, it seems to me, is to quote the opening words of Charley Russell's first story. An old cowpuncher, one Rawhide Rawlins, is speaking. "Speakin' of cowpunchers," he says, "I'm glad to see in the last few years that them that know the business have been writin' about 'em." And what Rawhide Rawlins says applies with force to the present volumes. Not only were they written by men who know, or rather, in one case, alas, who knew the business, for Charley Russell is dead, but in each case their authors belong to that small group of illustrators and writers who, for want of a better name, will have to be called cowboy artists. There is a vast difference between books about the West and Western books, the same difference that exists between a ranch and a rawnch. Charley Russell, Will James, Ross Santee, several others, not forgetting Frederick Remington, the father of them all, have developed a new school, as important, although not yet so generally recognized, as American, as authoritative, and autochthonous as the Negro Spirituals. And in the case of all of them, except Frederick Remington, these men have been actual cowhands and have taught themselves to draw in bunk-houses and around camp fires. If genius is an irresistible impulse, arising from a man's experience and finding adequate and beautiful expression despite all odds, then these men, I think, come pretty close to qualifying.

The thing is astonishing and comes up here and there as inevitably as grass covers the ranges in the spring. Just this summer I met an ex-top rider—bronco twister—who was turning artist. He didn't know why he was doing it, he just had to. The beauty and drama of the Far West sinks into them and, in some cases, comes out again.

"Trails Plowed Under," Charley Russell's last book, and "Cow Country," Will James's fourth book, supplement each other in a curious way and are curiously alike and unalike. The amateur of the Far West if he buys one should buy the other, not only for the pleasure he will derive from both but for the purpose of making the comparison I mention. Both are in the shape of tales, *contes*, although the James tales are slightly more formalized, and both are profusely illustrated, the Russell book containing five illustrations in color from the paintings of the author. These tales are told as Far Western tales should be; they are casual, joyously insouciant, filled with sudden twists of drawling humor; which means, of course, that the men who wrote them are—in Russell's case, were—either consciously, or unconsciously, extremely subtle artists. Furthermore, they are accurate text books of range life; there is a mass of intricate and illuminating detail. After reading either one of them you know a good deal about a cowpuncher's job; if you read both, you know still more. But "Trails Plowed Under," as the title would indicate, has to do with an older West, for the most part the West of the '60s and '70s. Indians come into it largely. While "Cow Country" is frankly modern. Will James is a young man and he writes about young men who are at present, or who were until recently, pursuing the trade of cowpunching as their fathers and grandfathers had before them. So, combining the books, you have practically the history of the cowpuncher from the earliest days on. You not only have his history, but you have his history illustrated in an expert, dramatic way. Both the James and the Russell drawings show the cowpuncher not only at rest but the cowpuncher at the crises of cowpunching.

The advertisements of the two publishing houses illustrate the comparison amusingly as well. "Trails Plowed Under" is spoken of as a book in which, "all the excitement and all the gorgeous humor of the old ranges—if they have completely disappeared from the life of the modern West, live on in these yarns and these pictures." Since "Cow Country" tells of "the modern West," this vanished West, which has become in the mouths of publishers a slogan, is not present. And rightly. "The excitement and gorgeous humor of the old ranges" have not completely disappeared. They are still there, and one is grateful to Mr. James for his introduction.

"According to many plush-seat riders who write," he says—and one might add, most old-timers, "there is no more cow country; but regardless of them, and if a feller wants to, he can start on horseback, not in a car, from away into Mexico and be on open range land from there, acrost the whole of the U. S.—up north into Canada. Of course, there'd be some zigzagging to be done and irrigated settlements to cross, but as I said in one of my stories in this book, there's many places where irrigated or farmed lands are just specks as compared to all the land that's around that's still all cow country."

The Russell book has an added and pathetic value in that it is the last book of a large-hearted and charming man, and, many think, a great artist. To this last book of his, Will Rogers has written an introduction which shows how greatly beloved and esteemed he was by the men of the cow country.

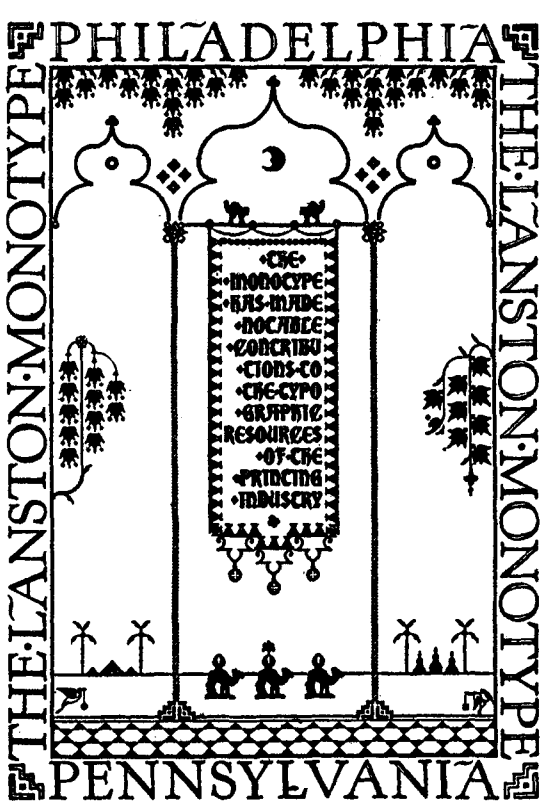


Illustration from "B. R.: America's Typographic Playboy," by Carl Purington Rollins (Georgian Press).
See page 295

"Mathematics is one of the exact sciences," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "and it is for this reason, perhaps, that few mathematicians have been great poets. There are certain exceptions, however.

"It was not, for instance, until his 'discovery' by Edward FitzGerald that Omar Khayyám was known as a poet in this country. His contributions to the science of mathematics, on the other hand, were adequately recognized, and his treatise on algebra was not infrequently quoted.

"In England, the first poet to be attracted by the science of mathematics was Chaucer, who produced a "Treatise on the Astrolabe"—a small pocket instrument for taking the latitude and positions of the heavenly bodies. The great Bishop Berkeley is still remembered as a writer on mathematics.

"Lewis Carroll, the author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' was in reality a dual personality. There was 'Lewis Carroll,' the author of children's stories, and there was the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, philosopher and mathematician."

The Play of the Week

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE GOOD HOPE. By HERMAN HEIJERMANS. Translated from the Dutch (De Hoopopzeegen) by Lilian Saunders and Caroline Heijermans-Houwink. Produced by Eva Le Gallienne at the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York, October 18, 1927.

Reviewed from Performance and Manuscript

DOWN in Fourteenth Street, where glamorous memories and ghosts of a brilliant past collide with the facts, flesh, and blood of a brave new day, the Civic Repertory Theatre of Eva Le Gallienne has inaugurated its second season with a revival of one of the standard examples of the realistic movement on the European stage a quarter of a century ago, "The Good Hope" of the late Herman Heijermans.

In seeking to retrace the steps which led the producer to the choice of this pitiful Dutch tragedy of the sea and its human toll, we are confronted intimately with several of the theatrical expedients which vitally affect and condition drama as oral literature—notably the status of propaganda in the theatre and the influence of repertory presentation as contrasted with the long run.

In her first season Miss Le Gallienne built up a dramatic canon representing Norwegian realism with Ibsen's "The Master Builder" and "John Gabriel Borkman," Russian realism with Chekhov's "Three Sisters," American realism with Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors," Italian commedia dell' arte with Goldoni's "La Locandiera," and modern Spanish symbolism with Sierra's "The Cradle Song." Realism predominates, for reasons to which I shall revert in a moment. And in extending the international scope of her realistic repertory, the producer has chosen "The Good Hope" fittingly, for it is the acknowledged masterpiece of a playwright who was to Holland what Ibsen has been to Norway, Hauptmann to Germany, Shaw to England, and Brieux to France.

I suspect that the obvious and ineffaceable propagandist intentions of "The Good Hope" may have given Miss Le Gallienne pause. Despite the fact that her low admission price attracts those who take their theatre seriously, not to say belligerently, I am convinced that her passion for her profession is artistic rather than social. She is an artist, not a pleader of causes. But propaganda entered the theatre, as it did most of the other arts, hand in hand with realism. It stormed the theatre even more brazenly than the other arts. The early dramatic realists were crusaders, tempted by a forum where they knew their message would be heard if not heeded.

* * *

But some of these men with a mission, like Heijermans, were artists as well. Except where their ulterior purpose dictated the infrequent warping of a character or a situation to prove their point, their deep knowledge of human nature and their respect for the integrity of their craft led them to write truthfully, significantly, dispassionately. It is this quality which has preserved their work beyond its immediate occasion.

"The Good Hope," then, is negligible today as a protest against the callous exchange of human souls on waterlogged wooden luggers for fish and profits. Its persisting values as oral literature, which induced condonation of its propaganda by Ellen Terry in 1903, by the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre ten years later, by many other European theatres in the course of the last three decades, and now by Miss Le Gallienne, consist in its vividness as a Dutch *genre* painting come to life, its distinctive atmosphere, its evocation of a series of moods. The most vivid, distinctive, and evocative of these moments to spectator or to imaginative reader is the reminiscent parley of the sailors' womenfolk in the storm. This scene, like several others, would improve with compression, thus preserving a spell that tends to lapse when imposed too long. Individual characters drawn with great sympathy and understanding include the meek and submissive Kniertje; her high-strung and turbulent son, Geert; her taciturn but inexorable niece, Jo; and the astute and crafty shipowner, Clemens Bos. The author's excessive zeal to make a water-tight case, a zeal to which even Ibsen is not immune, has misled him chiefly in the distorted and unreal portrait of the younger son, Barend.

The general excellence of the interpretation of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Good Hope" by Miss Le Gallienne's company —the same company entrusted with rôles and milieus as divergent as those of the other plays in the repertory already listed—is mute explanation of the preference of the repertory company for realistic drama. The women surpass the men, but, on the whole, the rôles of the play are within the players' grasp. Just as propaganda entered the theatre with dramatic realism, so did European realistic drama develop to its maturity contemporaneously with the growth of the great repertory companies of Europe. No less surely than the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were created for the Savoy company, the great realistic dramas of the Russians were written to be interpreted by the Moscow Art Theatre; of the Germans, by the repertory companies of Brahm and Reinhardt; of the French, by Antoine's Théâtre Libre; of the Dutch, by the Stadsschouwburg of Amsterdam. Galsworthy, as we shall see next week in "Escape," crushed this formula of balanced rôles for a permanent company by a dramatic anarchy which the expressionists have pursued to a degree where the true repertory system is feasible today only in the case of classic drama or with a company, like those of Stanislavsky or Reinhardt, large enough to meet any emergency.

In general, therefore, the repertory system, while it subserves such plays as "The Good Hope," both favors and frustrates drama as oral literature. Ideally, it is the only theatrical régime able to preserve and perpetuate great drama as literature is preserved by libraries; painting and sculpture, by art galleries; music, by symphony orchestras and opera houses. Without repertory and under the rule of the long run, the public devours the capital of drama, instead of living upon its spiritual interest. Practically, however, unless we accept the constricting classic pattern and clip the wings of our Eugene O'Neills, the repertory system entails economic costs and responsibilities that are prohibitive to the self-supporting company in this country.

Isn't there an ironic parallel between the niggardly and patronizing charity funds for the widows and orphans of "The Good Hope" and the complacent support that has been accorded to the Civic Repertory Theatre? I do not for a moment belittle Miss Le Gallienne's brave ideal nor the superb results she has obtained by a rigid economy. But the necessity for that economy and the shackles it imposes on a full realization of her ideal are a bitter indictment of a rich and prodigal nation. Hasn't the same false pride of the Dutch fisherfolk colored our conception of the legitimate uses of subsidy? Subsidy is wasted on the effort to give the public what it doesn't want. It is justified when it permits the perfection of that which fulfils a public need and desire. Why not a biblical Maecenas, operating on the theory of "Unto each one that hath . . ."?

(*Mr. Sayler will review next week Galsworthy's "Escape."*)

A Downright Briton

GENTLEMAN JOHNNY BURGOYNE. Misadventures of an English General in the Revolution. By F. J. HUDLESTON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is an inimitable book. Readers who chuckle over every page may not be aware that it is also a very shrewdly conceived book. Historians have long ago come to a pretty general agreement about Burgoyne. They have taken the measure of this boastful, showy, honest, and shallow general; all the essential facts of his career are easily accessible in print; and the standard defense of him was written half a century ago by Edward Barrington de Fonblanque. This defense, it need hardly be said, is that the real blame for his failure rests upon military maladministration in England, and especially upon the egregious Lord George Germain. Doubtless many writers searching for a theme, from thesis-compilers to eminent historians, have let their eyes rest for a moment upon Burgoyne, and have decided that another book upon him was quite unnecessary. Yet Mr. Hudleston—the librarian of the British War Office—has here produced what may yet become a minor classic of historical biography.

The author has had the shrewdness to see that Burgoyne and his career, properly depicted, sum up all the stupidity, bungling, and systematic mismanagement which enabled England to lose half an empire in the decade 1771-1781. Burgoyne was one of the typical products of the time. His Tory career in Parliament; his advancement in the army by family favoritism; his promotion to a critical command because he was "Handsome Jack" and rode well with George III in Hyde Park and happened at a timely juncture to publish a pamphlet called "Thoughts for Conducting the War from the Side of Canada;" his quaint confidence that because a paper plan showed himself, St. Leger, and Howe all coöperating beautifully, they would coöperate without a slip in five hundred miles of tangled wilderness; the still quainter way in which the Ministry shared his confidence—all this is characteristic of the age. In the background we have the happy-go-lucky conduct of great government departments, the opera bouffe corruption of posturing statesmen, the windy asininity of the Parliamentary majority, and that London society which diverted itself with gossip and intrigue while America slipped from British hands. It can all be made amusingly picturesque. Mr. Hudleston has brought out its picturesqueness, its wry funniness, and its instructiveness with a masterly hand.

For himself he finds much to admire in Johnny Burgoyne. Intellectually Burgoyne was no marvel. Morally he was a latitudinarian, with a taste for quartermasters' wives and with an irregular establishment in London presided over by a certain Susan. His pomposity, when he turned from lady-killing to proclamation-writing, was astonishing. It was he who wrote to General Washington that the American rebels were, under a strict interpretation of British law, "destined to the cord;" and one of his long manifestoes brought a delightful parody-counterblast from Francis Hopkinson. He was not a success in the field, and still less a success in the forum. His plays are now totally unreadable. All this Mr. Hudleston frankly admits; yet he likes Burgoyne, and makes us like him, because Burgoyne's heart was in the right place. His courage and constancy as a soldier were unimpeached. He loved his profession, and his troops, whom he always treated with manly consideration, loved him. In misfortune he never whined or blamed innocent associates. He paid his debts; he was loyal to his friends and (in his way) to his wife; he stood up bravely to the world's worst buffets. In short, he was a sturdy, downright Briton.

Mr. Hudleston tells the story of his varied career, from the Westminster School period when he picked up his much-used Latin tags to his last rather shabby government post, with unflagging animation and wit. He spares no one from the King down. He blurts out the plain truth about everybody, relating in detail how fond Lord Howe was of "fillies," and going out of his way to tell what unsoldierly refreshment it was that Marshal Blücher called for when he stopped at his first inn after Waterloo. His incidental bits of portraiture—*e.g.*, Mme. Riedesel—are vivid and humorous. One prejudice he has, and he brings it to the front again and again. As a friend of Johnny Burgoyne, he has no use whatever—less even than Trevelyan and other historians have had—for Lord George Germain. At one point he goes rather too far in pinning the blame for Saratoga upon Germain exclusively. In relating again the oft-told story of how Germain failed personally to send Howe word of Burgoyne's plan for a march from Canada, together with orders that he was to march north to meet Burgoyne at Albany, Mr. Hudleston quotes William Knox's testimony. This is to the effect that Germain was in a hurry to go down to his country place, the dispatches were not made out, and his horses were champing their bits outside in the cold. D'Oyly said he would attend to it himself, and that Germain had better go on. Of course, says Mr. Hudleston, D'Oyly never sent the dispatches. But this is by no means certain. William Knox testifies further that D'Oyly did "sit down and write a letter to Howe," and that Howe "acknowledged the receipt of it with the copy of the instructions to Burgoyne." Howe cannot plausibly be exonerated.

To many the most inimitable part of this admirable book will be the footnotes. They lead everywhere, and in three instances out of four they appeal to our risibilities. When they do condescend to convey mere information, it is usually some such engaging item as the fact that Pope Pius IX was extremely fond of Paul de Kock's improper novels, or that the vamp's motto is "give me a negligee and twenty minutes." Mr. Hudleston begins his first chapter with a note upon the Methuen Treaty with Portugal. "The Portuguese got British woolen goods and in exchange we got a far, far better thing—port," he writes. "As a nation we began drinking it then and have never stopped doing so. I have a bottle by my side as I am writing this." He finds room for the worst poem written on Wolfe's feat at the heights of Abraham:

> He marched without dread or fears
> At the head of his bold Grenadiers
> And what was very remarkable, nay, very particular,
> He climbed up rocks which were perpendicular.

which Mr. Hudleston gravely amends by adding the line

> How much easier his task had been had there been a funicular.

Cohoes reminds him of a musical comedy which he says he attended twenty times; there is not a single footnote reference to the Public Record Office, and there are a dozen to the fictions of Mark Twain, Jane Austen, and Dickens. Yet the book satisfies every reasonable demand regarding accuracy. When footnotes become a mine of humor, Dryasdust has been conquered in his last stronghold.

King Andrew the First

ANDREW JACKSON. An Epic in Homespun. By GERALD W. JOHNSON. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. JOHNSON has certainly written a lively biography, with action and thrills galore from start to finish, and all at a pace which hardly affords the reader a chance to breathe. If he were called upon to defend himself, he would probably say that Jackson was a lively person, that his interludes of quiet were few and far between, and that biography ought to fit the man. As for Jackson himself, the defense, of course, would be quite true. Of all the Presidents whom the United States has seen or suffered, Andrew Jackson possessed by far the most vivid personality, and a biography that failed to bring out, in some degree at least, the dramatic aspects of his career would be hardly worth while even as a doctoral dissertation. No reader of this book is likely to complain that Mr. Johnson has failed to make the most of his dramatic material, or has suffered many of the dramatic silences in the play to go unbridged, but his pages leave us wondering whether the generations that knew Jackson in the flesh could by any possibility have realized that they were traveling at such a giddy rate, or with heedless vigor bidding the beaten track go hang.

What saves Mr. Johnson's extraordinary performance from falling into melodrama is its consistent recognition of the appalling contrasts in Jackson's personal character, and their reflection in most important acts of his public career. Product as he was, in full and alarming measure, of the southwestern frontier, the wonder is that either he or it so long survived and that both should now be praised. His crude book-learning, his rough life in and out of doors, his brutal fighting, swearing, and killing (there were eleven dead if all were counted), his contempt for laws and orders, his hates and friendships, his complete disregard of what people thought if only he got what he went after, and his supreme confidence in the righteousness of his own intentions and the propriety of his own conduct, all exemplified the spirit which, in the first half of the nineteenth century, made the American frontier a place where mere survival was a distinction and personal ascendancy a crowning feat. Upon him, too, with bullets and cuts and incurable

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART ..... *Publisher*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year; postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 15.

Copyright, 1927, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disease, the frontier left its mark, knocking him about with incredible roughness and doing its best to get rid of him by fair means or foul, but he battled with all of it, fought it to a finish, and absorbed its temper until he became its incarnation.

Add to this an all but invincible prejudice, a paralyzing vehemence, and an apparent conviction that whoever disagreed with him was tainted with sin if not with crime, and we have Jackson's seamy side. Yet he became and remained something more than a typical frontiersman. Somehow and somewhere, in the engrossments of dueling, Indian fighting, and campaigning against Spaniards and Britishers, he took on the stamp of a gentleman. The chivalry which he showed toward women and the tender affection which he cherished for his wife were not, perhaps, uncommon virtues in the rude society in which he grew up, but the men of the frontier were few indeed who attained his distinguished bearing or his powers of able and dignified speech. He was an outstanding example of the fact that a man who cannot spell may nevertheless write good English. If his followers played havoc with the White House furnishings on the day of his first inauguration, he, at least, on that triumphant occasion, appeared every inch a man.

* * *

In the crises of his administration, too, he must be adjudged to have been more often right than wrong, though none but a Machiavelli could uphold the methods which he at times employed. His attack upon the Bank of the United States was a violent performance, but the bank, as Nicholas Biddle managed it, was a political menace, and it was better, all things considered, that Biddle and his bank should both disappear. When South Carolina tried nullification with the tariff it was choked and terrorized, when Georgia tried nullification with the Indians it was allowed to have its way, but nullification in South Carolina threatened the existence of the Union while nullification in Georgia did not. The traditions of diplomacy went to the winds when France delayed the payment of its debt, but the debt was paid and the diplomatic shirt-sleeves were in time forgotten. There was real danger, by the time the administrations of Monroe and John Quincy Adams had run their course, that Congress might become the government; there was no question, before the Jackson régime had been in power a year, that the Executive stood on a par with the Legislature as the Constitution intended.

It is to Mr. Johnson's credit that, while he offers us no new facts, but turns on all the lights, works up a great color scheme, shifts the scenery with rapidity and skill, and keeps the orchestra hard at work, he remains a realist. He makes no attempt to defend, on moral grounds, anything before which ethics would pause, but contents himself with pointing out that, more often than not, the thing worked. The draping is scanty indeed on some of his figures, including Jackson himself, and political prudes would do well to stay away from the play, but the company and the acting, he reminds us, are such as politics produce. One gathers the impression, better than one would be likely to gather it from any more sedate narrative, that the democracy to which Jackson's name attaches was very far from being a Ciceronian rule of the best men, and that it did very little for culture in any proper sense of that term. It was, rather, the domination of the crowd by a virile personality bent upon having its own way, and profoundly convinced that its way was right. Probably, as a practical matter, modern democracies have always been just that. The rest is personal halo and national sunset glow. There was more than satire in the contemporary picture which represented Jackson as King Andrew the First, his foot on the Constitution and a sceptre in his hand.

Less than a year after the publication of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman," a copy of the first edition of the libretto was sold at auction for $115 at the Anderson Galleries. The volume was one of thirty-one copies on Japan vellum signed by the author, with the frontispiece in proof state, signed. The buyer was James F. Drake, Inc. There has been keen competition among book collectors for first editions of "The King's Henchman" ever since the volume was published.

Mr. Moon's Notebook

"The man in the moon came down too soon—etc."

October 20th: *City Under Rain.*

RAIN is dismal, yet conducive to meditation. There is a poem in umbrellas bobbing past in the rain. Souls carry on under flimsy black cotton carapaces, silken protection being rare. From above they look like swollen beetles. Their eyes are on the mud and drip, their ears filled with the susurrus of other feet. More than ever they withdraw into their own secrecy, their own stew of private emotions, their own insistently nagging thoughts. Too much rain is bad for a people. It cannot look up, cannot look outward. If it does, all life is merely more misty than usual. Folk scuttle into subways or into cabs. The subways are more dirty than is their wont, filled with meandering rivulets. The cabs are stuffy with damp. I am aware that I paint a forlorn picture. I am aware of certain hearty friends who exult in long walks in the rain. I recall those who pretend to a like enthusiasm "if they are dressed for it." I have never felt that I was properly "dressed for it." Rain gets down my neck and I have never been so booted for it that I was not finally oppressed by wet feet. The sodden dripping hat-brim I cannot abide. And an umbrella on a long country walk is an anomaly.

Today it has rained, rained much. My spirit is water-logged. Water, I suppose, is all right in its place. ". . . if it doesn't get into the wine," sings the latter-day Sam Johnson. I am not so sure. Water applied outwardly, after one has one's clothes on, is almost as bad as water applied inwardly. Yet we are a nation of ice-water drinkers, so we should not mind. But I who desire dryness deplore this type of dryness. And, indeed, it is an eerie thing to respond to a toast at a public function with a glass of *aqua pura*. I have done it recently. Nothing can surpass it in insipidity.

Rain in the city has been praised by some. I myself have appreciated the lights corkscrewing down through asphalt black as basalt, the sleekness of the massed tops of taxi-cabs and private cars, the loom of buildings strange as prehistoric monsters through silver swirls of rain. And, if one is incomparably snug at home of an evening, there is a soothing quality to the rustle of rain against the pane. But of rain enough,—why should I begin this journal with a contemplation of the misery of it! My name I have taken from the upper air, from a dead planet that yet shines, albeit with reflected light. I should be able to rise above my vapors. What do I desire to contemplate then? Why mankind, to be sure, in my own city and in their own reflected light,—which is to say in the light reflected upon them by notable contemporary tomes. Not that I shall totally abjure the light reflected upon them by elder volumes. This is my note-book of odd and various meditation induced by observation and reading. I hope I shall keep it a bit better than I have former abortive attempts. We shall see.

* * *

Like all the people under umbrellas today I have gone about the town even more secretly than usual. Under the wagging of my own umbrella I have clutched at the inviolable shade. I have been inmeshed in my own fantastic futility. For a block or so ghosts of men and ghosts of words have walked with me. I have passed like an insect, creeping, beneath the ramps and bastions of mighty towers where incessant industry spins forth a brittle web of gold netted and knotted with a thousand practical schemes. I have drifted like a wisp through the huge and terrifying machinery of this stage of our civilization. Whatever happens, that goes on. It perseveres relentlessly and blindly. In the face of the dynamics we have aroused, of the natural forces we have begun to play with, all men are wisps so far as their individual importance in the pattern is concerned. Ambition may cry no, but the fact remains that the schemes of the world and the blind forces of evolution can do without any of us. Of course we are vastly important to ourselves. And here and there a man seems important to civilization. The expression of his mind is important. He is here, perhaps, to kindle a spark, to light another candle on the way. But his business is soon discharged. He lives, and the greatest perhaps for centuries, by the light still coming from the words he cast abroad, even after the planetary mind has long gone black. Thus with all great writers. This then is man's highest function. In other respects he is but an interesting insect with curious habits and of quaint ostents, chittering for an incredibly brief period among his fellow ants.

The city, of course, presses upon one the simile of the ant-hill. Outwardly, the swarm of scurrying insects. But inwardly—? There, indeed, is infinity. It is an enormous region. Discovery has pried into almost every corner of the globe. But there are still vast dark continents within the human mind and spirit. Most of our consciousness is as yet slumbrous in a deep twilight of traditional repression, of complicated thwartings, of ignorant pain. No, I have not been leading you slyly to the edge of the psychoanalytic jungle. I tread its fringes but infrequently and warily. I am talking in the old terms. But I have a certain zest for the exploration of men's minds. Every reader has; every writer. In the exploration of the human mind there is infinite fascination.

So, these folk under umbrellas. I have conceived the possibility of their spirits suddenly lighting up within them, ablaze, aglow, till they are seen each as a planet,—the incredible continents within them, the archipelagoes of ideas, the vast sounding seas of dream! Amid what immensities do we move. They are drab, they are disheartened, they are casual, they are mean, petty, and spiteful in outward showing. But let the spark of understanding be applied to the core of their gnomish humannature; each is an irradiant cosmos! Men like trees walking? I rather see men and women like a multitudinous solar system, in the light of true intelligence.

* * *

I am a visionary, of course. I am a fantasist. Nevertheless I have thus worked myself out of depression under the rain. I shall not often bore you with such windy ejaculations. Rather let us consider a minor marvel with which I met the other evening. It was a drugstore on lower Sixth Avenue, a drugstore of ancient merit. In the luminousness of one of its plate glass show windows certain herbs were outspread near the glass to celebrate I do not remember what anniversary of its establishment. And over these the phantom of that long-demised drug-clerk, the young John Keats, hovered. For I swear to you that there were actual samples of frankincense and myrrh, in pinches of powder and so labelled, amid traditional glass vessels of pleasing contour. A day or so later I noted that the exhibit had been removed. But for a brief interval that drugstore had assumed the glamorous mantle of romance. Ponder on this, on the inherent romance of drug stores, when you enter one again. Search your Kipling again for the story "Wireless," and ferret out a poem by Eunice Tietjens entitled "The Drug Clerk" in one of her volumes. Purchases in a drugstore constitute one of the most ordinary incidents in commonplace life. But consider the caduceus of the god Hermes! The winged talaria flicker through the aisles of the ancient domain of apothecaries. A sorcery rises redolent from behind glass barriers where subtle potions are concocted and magic essences distilled. Drug-clerks should wear black robes endorsed with crimson cabalistic symbols. They should wave wands. They are the modern magicians. They hold in their hands the secrets of life, death, and dream. They dispense illusion. Yet they seem but humdrum ordinary men. They refuse their insignia.

Something may move me at a later day to take up the question of grocers or the question of barbers. There is an epic to be made of the coil of the modern city with the taxi-cab driver as *deus ex machina*. I have yet to polish off my century of sonnets about policemen. I enjoin you, in any event, to come alive to the amazing flux of life about you in this metropolis. Here, I have but touched upon it trivially and superficially. I intended to set forth concerning definite people, definite books, concrete instances. My sin is my abstraction. Yet I read avidly in a newspaper every morning, wherein the most excessive marvels, the most preposterous episodes are brought to my attention as facts. Perhaps this naturally only induces more abstraction. In an unbelievable world—!

Thus this my first instalment goes glimmering. I shall introduce you to certain characters and certain literary opinions in my next. Perhaps! I can-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not tell exactly how this thread will be spun or what sort of fabric will emerge from this loom. But the almanac of my moods is to go forward. And, possibly, it will prove sympathetic to certain moods of your own.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

(*To be continued*)

Mischief Before Dawn

RED SKY AT MORNING. By MARGARET KENNEDY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

IT was hardly to be expected that Miss Kennedy could repeat in a succeeding novel the peculiar achievement of "The Constant Nymph." Life itself affords too rarely the spectacle of personality untamed by convention to permit of fiction attempting with any frequency to distil the piquancy of character that lent that book its unique distinction. Nor was it likely that the vivid picturesqueness of "Sanger's Circus" should readily find its counterpart. "Red Sky at Morning," be it said at once, is a less original book than "The Constant Nymph," less sensational in its setting, with less drive to its dialogue, less of that electrifying freshness that held the reader in a delighted shock of surprise. But it proves beyond a doubt that Miss Kennedy's talent, revealed haltingly in "The Ladies of Lyndon" and so impressively in its successor, was no mere momentary flash, but a distinguished ability of which much may be expected. It proves her a novelist able to handle character both with fidelity and imagination, and to unfold plot with skill and effectiveness. It shows her possessed of the insight that alone can make convincing the errancies of personality, and of the detachment that by its ability to throw into perspective with reality the specific properties of fiction is able to lift that fiction from mere romance to criticism of life. Miss Kennedy views her world with something of that kindly irony that Jane Austen applied to her environment, and her novel as a result has importance not merely as a story that in interest and style far surpasses the general ruck of fiction but as a keen and enlightening satire on the young England of her day.

It opens on a situation that is as deftly handled as it is striking, the moment in which the family of Norman Crowne are awaiting word as to the outcome of his trial for murder. In a paragraph perhaps as much as any other in the book displaying a style that at times remarkably approximates to that of Jane Austen, Miss Kennedy presents Catherine Frobisher, sister-in-law of the man under trial and epitome of Victorian England. She introduces her in consultation with Philip Luttrell, a young rector, like herself embodying the forces of convention and orthodoxy but with greater flexibility of understanding than her own, and with the twin children of the accused man and her own son and daughter playing about their elders quite unconscious of the drama unfolding at a distance. Before the verdict of not guilty is announced Miss Kennedy has succeeded in projecting on her canvas an outline of her leading characters with enough of precision to give them definite shape. She has done more than that—she has so depicted them as to forecast in embryo the forces that bring her novel to its somber conclusion.

Whatever the excellence of her other qualities Miss Kennedy's preëminence is in her ability to handle character. She proved it in "The Constant Nymph" with the lambent personality of Tessa and the group about her, and she demonstrates it once more in her delineation of the twins, those figures at once lovely and tragic, made for delight but caught in a world the realities of which can never be other than painful. They indeed are the outstanding achievement of a book the chief fault of which is anomalously enough its failure to justify by anything that precedes it the act which makes William like his father a murderer, but which in its penetration into the mood and temper of contemporary English society is both original and arresting. For Miss Kennedy, to turn to her for a moment as satirist and commentator upon her day, has done the unusual; young herself, instead of pillorying only her elders she has turned the shafts of her ridicule on her coevals, and perhaps for the first time in current English fiction has satirized the revolt of the younger generation. Her depiction of London's Bohemia, where Emily and William become the rage, and of Monk's Hall, which the twins, come to years of independence, purchase as a refuge for some needy acquaintances and which their cousin, Trevor, turns into a colony for the carrying out of an experiment in what might be called intellectual communism, is as delicate and adroit a lampooning of the welter of theory, prejudice, and emotion that has passed current with the post-war generation as a philosophy of life as is likely to be produced for some time to come. No less skilfully is Victorianism riddled in the person of Catherine Frobisher, whose "imagination was stronger than her memory;" who "was lenient to the dead . . . generous to the past, but . . . dealt with the living in a temper of irritable, affectionate inclemency," and who so largely rendered nugatory her really excellent intentions by her inability to ignore the conventional. Catherine and Philip, representatives of the old order, the twins, pathetic examples of the sensitive temperament of genius played upon by the forces of a rigid world, Trevor, too weak to be villain, not good enough to be strong, Tilli, type of the purely sensuous woman whose unmoral sensationalism breeds more ruin than designing wickedness,—these are the major personalities that play out their destinies against the background of English country life and the sophisticated society of a London literary coterie.

Miss Kennedy's story marches towards its calamity with sureness and achieves at the end a moving pathos. "As he sat beside her, watching and waiting, he found it almost possible to wish that she might sleep for ever." Thus Philip Luttrell. Poor Emily! all her eager radiance tempered in the dull heat of marriage to Philip, still unconscious of the tragedy that had befallen and been wrought by her twin. Poor William! maddened by the ugliness of human nature which a chance word had revealed to his self-deluding optimism, and hurled out of his essential nature into his father's footsteps! It is not only the tragedy of two souls that Miss Kennedy depicts but a broader tragedy—that of the incompatability of the imaginative temperament and a world of reality. And her book is good despite many flaws—the weakness of Trevor's portrayal, the tendency at the end toward melodrama, to mention the more outstanding of its faults,—because its main characterization is supremely well done, and its story, perhaps over congested with incident and figure, consistently held to the development of its thesis. And, also, Miss Kennedy writes with a felicity few of her contemporaries have, with limpidness of style, unaffected flow of epithet, and an analytic habit as illuminating as it is discerning.

In the Oil Fields

CRUDE. By ROBERT HYDE. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1927. $2.50.

"CRUDE" is a noticeable novel in several respects: as a study of the oil well region about Los Angeles; as a love story handled and directed rather skilfully to the ends of a moral, or at least a social, implication; for a certain quaintness or freshness in terms of phrasing; and in other respects. There is a memorable passage in an early chapter, a movie picture (in the "stream of consciousness manner") of the consciousness of a man being lowered, by a cable around his feet, down a hundred foot oil shaft, just wide enough for his passage, in order to pick up a dropped tool at the bottom. It is very well done.

The title means more than its suggestion of oil. It means that while playing with love may be graceful, or even delicate, or poetic, in a gracious society at ease among its light punctilios,—as practiced by untrammeled young Americans, with automobiles and no background, with negligent parents and negligible breeding, it is hopelessly raw and not so dangerous as cheap. Selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage is a crude transaction at best, like matching with destiny for beers by those who do not know enough to know destiny from beer.

This is Mr. Hyde's first novel. Without suspecting any deprecatory reference to the fact in any third implication of his title, one may find evidence enough of unpracticed workmanship. It is very well to know what you are talking about in respect to oil well machinery, but it is not well to use technical terms so freely as to create a demand for an unsupplied glossary. "Crude" is not a crude novel but it is sufficiently immature to suggest maturer things to come. For the story *per se* is a better story than he has made it. It has the elements of character creation, but the characters are sketched rather than developed. Nevertheless it is a novel with a vertebral column and blood in its arteries.

Where Charm Is Bred

THE WOODCUTTER'S HOUSE. By ROBERT NATHAN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

MR. NATHAN'S particular contribution to our writing, though certainly considerable and nearly unique, is not easy to define. It is not enough to say that he writes modern fairy-tales, nor that his gift for fantasy and whimsicality is only equalled by his ability to avoid a tone excessively sweet. His characters are too real and their actions are too cleverly calculated to permit the label of humorist to be affixed to him. While he is often satiric in intention, there is a pleasant quality in his criticism of people and things, indirect and allegorical, which tempers his word to our shorn selves.

His new fable is simpler and more understandable than some that he has previously given us, but it does not help us greatly in the task of setting down his qualities. Perhaps it is enough to say that he is like no other writer of the moment, that he writes with superb command of his particular *genre*, without faltering or once falling into dulness. His work is slight, certainly, and may well be passed over in the mass of fiction cascading from the presses, but there will be a few persons for whom his small and perfect narratives are all-sufficient. From the wasp,—"the largest apple-holding wasp in the county,"—to Metabel, his heroine, who plays at love and sacrifice like any other heroine, every character in "The Woodcutter's House" is unchangeable, delightful, and almost as indescribable as Mr. Nathan's talent.

Satan, Not Psyche

THE HOUSE OF SATAN. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. The same.

Reviewed by HAZELTON SPENCER

"A GOOD play," remarks Colley Cibber, "is certainly the most rational and the highest Entertainment that Human Invention can produce." Mr. Nathan rejects both claims. His latest volume begins like a two-act melodrama: having robbed the hapless art of its virtue in his title essay, he proceeds in his second to divorce it from Mind. "All fine art . . . spits in the eye of intelligence." Shakespeare's liberal enlistment of ghosts and witches proves that. Thus Mr. Nathan offers a pretty demonstration of the shakiness of even clever criticism unbuttressed by a historical methodology.

Yet he is doubtless well versed in the English drama of the last century. Does its rich emotionalism satisfy him? How tender and how true the frank sentiments of Douglas Jerrold and Tom Taylor! Unfortunately those gentlemen had nothing to say. Tom Robertson had something, and Bernard Shaw a great deal, though Mr. Nathan scorns Mr. Shaw as thinker. Shakespeare also comes in for intellectual derogation—here Mr. Nathan reveals a welcome appreciation of trends in contemporary scholarship. One must not, however, swallow the Shakespeare skeptics whole. They have upset much of the romantic criticism, but they have indulged in very loose talk concerning Shakespeare's mind. If Mr. Nathan thinks that Shakespeare was not interested in ideas, he should read "King Lear." He might even reread "Major Barbara."

Mr. Nathan does not tell us which is his favorite play (I suspect it is "Hamlet"), but the one he prefers when he goes to bat is the hit and run. He appears to care little or nothing for truth by the way; perhaps he cares for it ultimately a good deal. He regards the essentials of his subject clearly but unsteadily, and is unable to refrain from gratuitous comments on non-essentials, concerning which he is as frequently wrong as he is right on a major theme. He is usually plausible—till you reflect; and then so many exceptions occur that the smart generalization is exposed in all its preposterousness.

The opening essay assumes that art either ennobles or "reduces" the manners and morals. Imagine attempting to defend a thesis on either side without some consideration of the corrective value of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comedy. Despising the pedant's categories, this critic misses some rather obvious distinctions. With a few "kindergarten exceptions" any picture or musical opus makes you amorous or thirsty. Listening to Händel or Papa Haydn or even Mozart, has Mr. Nathan never experienced that "gentleman-like joy" which is scarcely debasing, even though it may not lead onward and upward? Has he never heard the Harvard Glee Club sing Palestrina and J. S. Bach?

This joy is, indeed, not apparent in Mr. Nathan as he writes. He seems curiously on the defensive; he is conscious of hostility; he pronounces not from the Olympian height but as man to man; he yearns to be accepted, even by the dull, pompous, and respectable. There is a fetching wistfulness in his plea that if he injects humor or flippancy into his criticism, so do Shakespeare and Wagner into their sublimest art. I do not recall quite so moving a bid for sympathy and understanding since Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson waxed plaintive over the reviewers who caviled at his grammar.

In his behalf Mr. Nathan urges, not without justice, that he found the American stage ministering to "the unwashed," and that with "at the bottom of his heart a great love for drama," he deemed it indespensable to jazz up his strictures on "the drama of the heroic district attorneys, women secretaries who turned the tables on John D. Rockefeller, boy politicians who made the old-time bosses eat dirt, crooks who were reformed by sad-eyed blondes, and other such boob-appetizers."

And now behold a new day! Came the morn! Or, as Mr. Nathan himself feelingly puts it, "Time passed and, lo, there dawned a change." But not an entirely acceptable change. The "new" playwrights were bit by intellectualism, and there must be a new fly-swatting campaign. Mr. Nathan's distress is not unmitigated, for after all his tactics are destructionist. No indeed, Othello's occupation is far from gone.

Since he specializes in dissociation, Mr. Nathan is at his best when there are stuffed shirts to be disembowelled. He is both assassin and undertaker of the bubble reputation, and is able to put on a snappier yet less expensive funeral than the sedater professionals whom he loves to deride. See, for instance, his epitaph for Mr. Augustus Thomas.

Mr. Nathan does not know that when the learned gather in the semi-privacy of their annual conclaves there are terrific assaults on the stuffed shirts. A speaker at the last meeting of the Modern Language Association actually protested that destructive criticism is becoming the scholar's favorite vehicle. But the really clever lads who salt the classroom rarely get far enough along the road of literary scholarship to recognize its increasingly skeptical direction in our time and nation. They suppose the instructor believes all he says. Evidently Mr. Nathan thinks so. That is one reason why his criticism still seems a little undergraduate.

All this is not to deny the existence of many wise pages in this book, nor its author's remarkably wide range of reading. Mr. Nathan puts to shame many a go-getting drama professor by his contempt for the commercial and his single regard to the theatre as art. Dr. Goldberg has emphasized this critic's insensitivity to non-esthetic ideas. That this deficiency cramps his style is evident when you put one of his pages beside one of Mr. Mencken's. It is, therefore, doubly to his credit that he abstains from the esthetic pose. If he seems excited, 'tis because his own verbal vintage intoxicates him. How he runs on If Shakespeare was willing to lose the world for a pun, Mr. Nathan would give it all for an anti-climax. Yet behind his levity manœuvres a high-toned idealism in all that pertains to the drama.

The wicked title of this book we thus find inapplicable to most of it. The same is true of Mr. Nathan's more recent volume, "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride." Those who open it expecting to find a polemic in the manner of Ezra Pound's recent addresses to his "unhappy fatherland" will be disappointed. The book contains nothing more devastating than a miscellaneous reprinting from Mr. Nathan's clinical column in the *American Mercury*. Undeniably the new book is full of dynamite, but of dynamite already exploded. Since the initial concussion had but slight effect on the manners and morals of these states, it seems unlikely that much damage will ensue from Mr. Nathan's attempt to touch off the charge a second time.

The Bowling Green

In Geneva

II

I HAD never had any definite notion of what the League might look like, so my very first morning in Geneva I set off, with the most agreeable anticipation, to see if I could find it. I felt rather proud of not having tried, in any way, to get any sort of privileged or functioneering entrée. My mind was as open, as unblemished, as serene, as that bright day itself. It is true that I discovered in myself a pleasant sort of family or paternal sentiment in regard to the whole affair. Having been a hard-working editorialist at the time of the League's birth, I had written innumerable paragraphs in its favor; I felt that in my own small way I had contributed to its credit. The journalist mind (never yet adequately explored by psychology) is like that: in a very consoling and innocent egotism it likes to imagine itself an authority upon any topic it has ever editorially discussed. There were middle-Western newspaper editors in Geneva, wearied by a long expense-paid junket in pursuit of doctrine, who had long ago denounced the League as a chimera living at the foot of a rainbow. These editors felt it a personal grievance to find the League, undaunted by mixed metaphor, going busily about its affairs. One, bitterly surveying the throng at the Assembly, said, "These people remind me of the secretaries of commercial clubs in South Dakota." It is idle to say that editorials do not influence opinion. They often strongly influence the opinion of the people who write them, and I fear that an editor examines phenomena chiefly with an eye to corroborate what he has already said in print.

Therefore, I had honorably made whatever effort may be necessary to make one's mind a blank. Other than the natural exultation of a philosopher in discovering so ecumenical a microcosm under his eye, other than the ordinary human enjoyment of a prodigiously clement weather, I could trace in myself no outlines of fixed idea. I did not even make inquiry from any of the burly Vaudois peasantry who serve as Genevese gendarmes and look like figures out of *Punch and Judy*. The map of the town marked the Palace of the League of Nations; thither, after buying a walking-stick for forty cents, I made my way. The stick was my social gesture in honor of the fact that an old friend, whom I expected to meet presently, was on the permanent staff of the Secretariat. I felt that it was expected of me, and I used it stoutly so that when I should see my friend it would not look too *arriviste*.

* * *

The shining boulevard along the lake is rather like a toy Chicago, though Bill Thompson would be shent, if he were mayor of Geneva, by so many evidences of alien propaganda. My first failure as an internationalist, I realized, was my inability to identify many of the innumerable flags along that street of handsome hotels and apartments. But one very international symbol (also carrying a cane) was easily recognizable—a little squad of Charley Chaplin dolls, somersaulting on the pavement for a peddling vendor. On the benches, among the bright geranium beds and trim *pelouses* of the park, the pretty girls of Geneva were reading books. A brisk career of well-groomed cars kept flowing along the street, cars which I vaguely supposed to be hastening on important international errands, but the gardened shore-line was pellucid indolence. The lake wearied the eyes with its brilliant level. Even the young women (and Geneva, I insist, has a chic of its own) did not seem wholly absorbed in literature. I had a feeling that they were simply marking time until more amusing affairs would begin; I wondered whether Lake Leman might not be well named. These idle comments I join with you in reproaching; but I repeat that my mind was blank and candid: I was simply trying to get the feel of the place. Even in the Gardens of Gethsemane sweethearts may have sat one evening in the dark, heard strange footsteps and voices, seen torchlight flicker on the olive trees; shrunk closer together and thought little of it. He who does not admit such chances is no fit historian.

It did begin to strike me, however, as I approached the Palace, so-called, that all was singularly placid. Even with the highest optimism I had not imagined it possible that an international meeting could be so calmly conducted. The Villa Beau Regard, which adjoins the Palace, seemed to me the ideal place for a cosmopolitan-minded philosopher to settle down and write. Its charming garden, with big tasselled pine trees and deck-chairs standing on the lawn, lay open to the sunny forenoon. With the experienced eye of the householder I conned it through the railings; wondered whether it was a private home or used as some bureau headquarters; estimated its bedrooms and plumbing; imagined how agreeable some modern Voltaire or Rousseau would find it to pace those shrubberies and meditate his current chapter to the faint echo of the League's typewriters clicking from next door. If I were the League's publicity department I should set apart the Villa Beau Regard as a hostel for writers of liberal temper who might be invited to live there for a year at a time. The Bertrand Russells, the Romain Rollands, the H. G. Wellses, the John Erskines, might be advoked as creative guests. Thither could be brought the brooding Swede, the agile Japanee, the fantastic Hungarian, the courteous Brazilian, the groping and humorous Yank. At the heart of the cyclone, they tell us, is an area of quiet. The Villa Beau Regard, adjacent to the world's most controversial collection of filing cases, has an air of untroubled calm. I wish I knew who lives there.

* * *

The Palace itself has the appearance of, and I daresay is, a bulky and flimsy old hotel—very much the Adirondack sanitarium of the McKinley period of architecture. On the low wall beneath the terraced gardens is a tablet, put there by the city of Geneva, to Woodrow Wilson, "Fondateur de la Société des Nations." I should not have been surprised to see statesmen walking the garden paths, arguing delicate points of concession, and an admiring throng lining the precinct; but the enclosure was empty except for a gardener tidying the gravel.

The rear of the building, away from the lake, was evidently the business approach. Here, in the rue des Pâquis (Pasture Street) a few cars were parked, a Swiss policeman stood at the gate, young women of intensely secretarial aspect (including, I dare say, the Lizzie of the anecdote) came in and out. A gentle ticking of typewriters, but not at all urgent, drifted upon the soft air. A car rolled up and I waited anxiously, half expecting M. Briand or Sir Austen Chamberlain. Again it was a lady secretary, carrying a brief case. I began to think to myself that the League had very much the flavor of a convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs. All these ladies wore, in a very concentrated and attractive quality, that special radiance of pleasure that the sex shows in any form of parliamentary doings.

* * *

Of course by this time I had begun to suspect, what I later learned to be so, that the Assembly of the League does not meet at the Palace at all, but at the Salle de la Réformation in quite a different part of the city. Of the Assembly in session I may say something presently. But I shall never be sorry to have had my first glimpse of the League in that informal way, when it did not suspect that anyone was looking at it. Lizzie and her colleagues were there on Pasture Street keeping up the files, while all the heads of departments were at the Conference. That, as much as anything else, showed me that the League is not a super-state, nor a chimera, nor even a rainbow, but a very businesslike human organism. It is not entirely in the rostrum that the League is important, though as a sounding board it is valuable enough. The little advertised and conscientious work that goes into its investigations of such matters as the Settlement of Armenian Refugees, Cholera in Japan, Opium in Persia, memoranda on Coal, on Dumping, on the Artificial Silk Industry, or statistics of the Trade in Arms and Ammunition—these are the things that I think are worth meditation. It is true that an institution like the League sets up a standard to which professional joiners and pew openers are only too eager to repair. My acid colleague who compared some of the blue-bottles at the Assembly to the secretaries of commercial clubs was savage in intention, but I use his analogy to my own advantage. For I do not find the League a sentimental affair, but a cool, hard-headed, and Strictly Business proposition.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Troubled Europe

THE PROBLEMS OF PEACE. Lectures Delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations. New York; Oxford University Press. 1927. $4.25.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION. By A. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

Author of "The Origin of the Next War"

THERE is often something quite peculiarly deadly about collections of printed lectures, true though it is that many a good book has gone through a kind of preliminary birth on the platform. But the frugal author who would gather up his oral endeavors and transform them into enduring print must usually do a deal of licking his literary progeny into shape before it is ready for the sterner ordeal, where there is no magic of crowd psychology to conceal his crudities. It is this labor of revision which seems to be lacking in Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's new book on "The European Situation," originally delivered at Williamstown last year; and likewise in many of the lectures in "The Problems of Peace," which were delivered before the Geneva School of International Relations at about the same time.

There has never yet been a group of lecturers, all of equal ability, nor do all spoken discourses bear reduction to cold print with equal success. Yet no book containing chapters by Professor James Brown Scott, Michael Farbman, Alfred Zimmern, H. J. Laski, Sir Arthur Salter, and M. Paul Mantoux can possibly be without genuine interest and importance. Professor Scott contributes two chapters, one on "The Judicial Settlement of International Disputes" and the other on "Public Opinion in Relation to War and Peace," dealing primarily with the work of unofficial organizations. Professor Zimmern also contributes two chapters—by no means in his best vein—on "The Development of the International Mind" and "The League and International Intellectual Coöperation." Mr. Farbman achieves the amazing feat of packing a competent summary of Soviet foreign policy into twenty-odd pages, in the course of which he points out the danger of alarming the Bolshevists by anything that might be mistaken for a hostile coalition, thereby putting them instantly on their very worst behavior. His warning, uttered almost a year ago, is already proving only too real.

Mr. Farbman's prophecy having come so uncomfortably true, one can only hope that Professor Scott's assertion that "between nations law is slowly but surely obtaining the mastery" will be equally justified by the event. His first paper is a careful comparison between the early difficulties in the relations among the once sovereign states of America and the difficulties which still exist in the relations of most other sovereign states. Connecticut and Pennsylvania once fought a war over territory, yet could not conceivably do so today, having the judgments of the Supreme Court of the United States. Rhode Island has since taken the question of her northern, eastern, and western boundaries to court, and would probably have gone to law over her southern boundary if it had not happened to be the Atlantic Ocean. In a similar way, he hopes that all the sovereign states of the world will eventually substitute law for force. Because he writes as a scholar and not as a doctrinaire, Professor Scott blinks none of the difficulties, admitting that "we cannot reasonably expect that the order of things with which mankind is familiar shall change in the twinkling of an eye or even overnight."

It is a pity that the anonymous editor of "Problems of Peace" did not include a short "Who's Who" of his contributors. Almost all of them are well known, but it would have been a convenience none the less, as would an index.

"The European Situation," by Professor A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Director of the Hamburg Institute of Foreign Policy, was one of the lecture series at Williamstown last year. The most important chapter is the third, in which Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy discusses the monumental series of volumes from the German archives which he helped to edit.

Speaking as a lifelong advocate of Republican institutions and one occupying "an important place on the proscription lists of our monarchists," he nevertheless feels "bound in justice to say that William the Second, as the documents show him, was a man who strove for peace as hard as any man of his time."

There is a mild rebuke for extremists on all sides in his observation that all the evidence for war guilt is not yet in, and that in studying pre-war diplomacy "we are still far from the point at which the historian may try definitely to judge events and the conduct of men under the stress and trial of these events." Many of the published documents, he reminds us, are mere one-sided records of conversations to which there were two parties.

But he ends by agreeing with the milder revisionists that the War came not primarily because of an individual iniquity—though there was plenty of that—but because the pre-war diplomats "were in the midst of an essentially bad system of foreign policy, and the complacency with which they worked this system makes them responsible for the results even if they can with some measure of truth profess to have done their best to avoid them."

The Art of War

AENEAS ON SIEGE CRAFT. Edited by L. W. HUNTER. Revised by S. A. Handford. Oxford University Press. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by JAMES B. WALKER

HUNTER was killed in action during the World War. The book is honored by a memoir of him by Gilbert Murray and contains a critical and historical introduction, text, translation, commentary, and appendices. The preface is by Mr. C. E. Fawcus, who collaborated with Mr. Hunter in the translation. There is an English translation in the Loeb Classical Library, but its scope is more restricted. The arrangement is such that the reader can gaze knowingly at the original Greek and then turn with relief to the translation on the opposite page. The translator holds to the traditional belief, sometimes contested, that the work was written by Aeneas of Stymphalus, General of the Arcadian League between 360 B. C. and 356 B. C.

Aeneas discusses the best methods of defense for an ordinary Peloponnesian city state and intersperses his work with many interesting anecdotes. As the preface reminds us, he is the first military man who has recorded many of the simple but important and still valid devices practiced in warfare such as lighting restrictions, smoke screens, and secret methods of communication. We get a good idea of the daily life of the Greek city state.

Some of these states had as many revolutions as Haiti or Nicaragua and our author is full of precautions against treachery. "Trust nobody" was evidently his motto. He knew his Greeks. He believed in discipline but with such people he could not always enforce it and was driven to devious methods and the use of spies. If the army is in a bad state he warns you that you should not be too anxious on the rounds to detect patrols who are asleep on their posts as a man is sure to lose heart if he is caught neglecting his duty so "the approach of rounds should be indicated from a greater distance by speaking loudly some way off, so that if the sentinel is asleep he may wake up and answer the challenge." Though this counsel has been rejected by the moderns they have harkened to his advice that a good supply of chariots is a great asset providing a quick way of bringing men fresh to the point required. Gallieni's "chariots" helped to win the battle of the Marne. "When a city which has given hostages is attacked, the parents and relatives of the hostages should be removed from it till the siege is over, that they may not see their children brought up with the enemy as they attack and meeting a cruel death, for if within the walls they might go so far as to offer resistance to the authorities." We have heard of "atrocities" in our own wars but this seems to have been a regular method of warfare. "Hostages to the front." If it is necessary to disguise women to look like men when a force is scanty Æneas warns us not to allow them to throw anything, "for you can tell a woman a long way off by the way she throws." "Siege Craft," is no dry military treatise and though the author is not a second Xenophon he has peculiar merits of his own.

WHY STOP LEARNING ?

Universal literacy is by no means the equivalent of universal education. This book is about the new stretch of road leading towards an educated citizenry.

Just published, $2.00

by

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Author of "Her Son's Wife"

etc

HARCOURT, BRACE and COMPANY

A MAN once owned the very latest novel. There was nothing wrong with it; in fact, it was a very good novel. But the man felt that it did not completely satisfy his sporting desire to keep up with the times. For he had heard, in a vague way, that in all fields of knowledge a great many new things were constantly being discovered.

For this man, and others like him, these books, and others like them, are being published by the University of Chicago Press.

The Nature of the World and of Man

By Sixteen University of Chicago Scientists

"One of the finest, most engrossing popularizations of current science in existence." *$5.00*

Jesus

A New Biography

By Shirley Jackson Case

". . . a popular life of Jesus that can be read by intelligent people with profit." *$3.00*

At all bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Pre-Restoration Stage Studies

By WILLIAM J. LAWRENCE

Mr. Lawrence has, according to Professor Allardyce Nicoll, "the rare gift of being able to be two persons in one—a modern scholar intent on accuracy, master of his material, and, as it were, a theatre man, and an Elizabethan theatre man at that, looking with intensely practical eye on the stage directions and references with which he is confronted." In this new volume he once more climbs certain trackless and even untrodden peaks of knowledge within his chosen province and brings to light much new information about the Elizabethan stage. $5.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

If you feel blue—read

We Can't All Be Blondes

by

HELEN J. STONE

Illustrated by Nio

It's a Scream!

At Bookstores $1.75, or direct from

HAROLD VINAL, Ltd., Publishers

562 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Big Biography of the Autumn!

Bismarck

THE STORY OF A FIGHTER

By EMIL LUDWIG

Author of NAPOLEON

Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul

Extracts from Feature Reviews of the German Edition:

"There rises from its pages the noble figure of Otto von Bismarck the man and diplomat—sharply outlined, artistically conceived, without sentimentality or empty patriotic phrases, overwhelming in its greatness."—*New York Times Book Review.*

"After the hundreds of volumes of pious stupidity written about the Iron Chancellor, Ludwig's candid and straightforward biography is a welcome relief. It is lucid, well-digested and extremely well written."—*New York Herald Tribune "Books."*

"Another remarkable contribution to the history of our times from the German angle of vision."—*The London Times.*

"A chapter in world history, a monumental character study."—*The Living Age.*

661 pages. With 16 illustrations. Second printing before publication. $5.00

THE LONESOME ROAD

By Lucy Furman

A novel founded on the intense friendship between two Southern mountaineer boys, picturing the dramatic complications as they come into contact with love and maturity. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.* $2.00

SINGING RIVER

By Alice DeFord

Deeply-moving romance set amidst the unhurried life of lovable people, adorable children, and faithful animals in the hunting country of Boston's North Shore. Third printing. $2.50

A novel by the author of "The Broad Highway"

THE QUEST OF YOUTH

By

JEFFERY FARNOL

In this new romance Jeffery Farnol again revivifies for us England in the early nineteenth century, when bucks and dandies took a dilettante interest in bruisers, and footpads infested the highways and hedges. The hero, Sir Marmaduke Vane-Temperley, a weary man of the world, goes in search of his vanished youth and finds adventures a-plenty. $2.50

MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O.

By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Another brilliant tale of international intrigue and of far-reaching Anarchist plots is launched, in the best Oppenheim manner, when Miss Brown, a typist, lost in a London fog, arrives at Colonel Dessiter's. $2.00

THE SENTIMENTALISTS

By DALE COLLINS

The New York World says: "This is an excellent book. It has rich, piquant characterizations; it has action and suspense. It is carefully plotted and well written. A really fine book." Second printing. $2.00

The Atlantic Monthly $10,000 Prize Novel

JALNA

By

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Leading Literary Reviews Join the Chorus of Praise

"An achievement."—*New York Times Book Review.*

"Remarkable literary achievement."—*Boston Transcript.*

"An exceedingly good book."—*New York World.*

"A memorable piece of work."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Robust and brawny fiction. Energetic. Alive."—*Time.*

"Recommended without reservation."—*Boston Herald.*

"Characters dangerously real."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"It is a rich book."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

65th Thousand Already! $2.00

These books are for sale at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers, Boston

Recent Popular Books of Non-Fiction

TWENTIETH CENTURY CRIMES. By Frederick A. Mackenzie. The stories of Leopold and Loeb, Rasputin, the French "Bluebeard" and other celebrated murderers. 8 illustrations. $3.00

CAPE TO CAIRO. By Stella Court Treatt. The record of the first trip across Africa in a motor car. 64 illustrations. $5.00

CANNING, PRESERVING AND JELLY MAKING. By Janet M. Hill. A new edition of the standard authority. 17 illustrations. $1.75

OLD LONDON. By Gertrude Burford Rawlings. A ramble about London. 50 illustrations. $4.00

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD. By Edward Everett Hale. A fine new edition of a classic. 16 illustrations. $3.00

SINCE VICTOR HUGO: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay. A brilliant outline of French literature since 1880. $2.00

PUTTERING ROUND. By MacGregor Jenkins. Further essays by "Rusticus." *An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.* $1.50

Recent Popular Fiction

ALAS, POOR YORICK! By Alfred H. Bill. The wit and genius of Laurence Sterne, "Parson Yorick", are here illustrated by three episodes of gayety, intrigue and romantic comedy. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.* With frontispiece. $2.50

THE EXILE. By Mary Johnston. A romance by America's leading historical novelist. $2.50

UPLANDS. By Mary Ellen Chase. A dramatic story of Maine life. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.* $2.00

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH. By H. G. Evarts. A thrilling tale of a mysterious Old Man of the Northland and of a wonderful Diana who led a pack of wolves. $2.00

THEIR TRADITION. By Guy Rawlence. "A great aunt—probably the greatest aunt in fiction—is the supreme figure. A wonderful creation."—*Punch,* London. $2.00

THE SOWER OF THE WIND. By Richard Dehan. A haunting romance of the Antipodes by the author of "One Braver Thing." *Second printing.* $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUTNAM BOOKS

ROBESPIERRE

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Author of "Marie Antoinette"

A keen character analysis of the hard-headed and unscrupulous philosopher who, like *Frankenstein,* created in the French Revolution a demon whose unreasoning fury he was unable to control.

"A brilliant, analytical study."
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

$5.00

TALLEYRAND

By ANNA BOWMAN DODD

The life of a suave and elegant diplomat who survived six changes in government. Illustrated. $5.00

DRAGON LIZARDS OF KOMODO

By W. DOUGLAS BURDEN

An expedition to a lost world of the Dutch East Indies. The thrilling account of a search for giant lizards. Illustrated. $5.00

LAUGHING TRUTHS

By CARL SPITTELER

A volume of essays, whimsical and ironic and powerfully critical. "Profound enough to be be a textbook of art, and sparkling enough to please the palate of the most languid connoisseur of culture."

—*Boston Transcript.*

$2.50

FRANCIS JOSEPH

By EUGENE BAGGER

A masterful analysis which pierces to the bottom of the soul of *Francis Joseph* and illumines the hidden springs of his thought and action. $5.00

For sale at all bookstores, or at the Putnam Store 2 West 45th Street, just west of 5th Avenue

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Putnam Books for Fall

Books of Special Interest

Ars Lyrica

TERPANDER, or Music and the Future. By EDWARD J. DENT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by RANDALL THOMPSON

TERPANDER, it appears, was a Greek poet of the seventh century B. C., who was fined by the *ephori* for his musical innovations: he added three strings to the lyre —miserable offender!

This admirable essay in book form, which bears his name, is a companion to "Daedalus" and "Icarus" of the well-known "To-day and Tomorrow" series. In electing Edward J. Dent to pronounce a synthetic diagnosis of modern music the editors made a felicitous choice. For although he is primarily a musical antiquarian of a most scholarly and sophisticated disposition, he is distinguished also as generalissimo of the annual International Modern Music Festivals, those subversive and not infrequently stormy assemblies, where musical vanguards of all nations meet, clash, and are pacified by Dent's tact and linguistic versatility.

He is not a composer, which is well. If he were, he would doubtless have some obliquity of judgment, some unescapable stylistic prejudices which he would turn into prophecies that in ten years would be out of date. There is nothing prophetic in what he has written. Anyone who reads his essay hoping to discover something oracular or even speculative will be disappointed. In fact, that section of the essay which deals with contemporary music, to say nothing of future music, forms only a relatively small part of the whole, which should not lead one to suppose that the author is reactionary. Far from it, he is highly adventurous. But the body of the essay deals with music of the past, reviewed century by century, with especial regard to the modernistic genius of each epoch. These pages are written brilliantly, with attic insight and no small share of salutary debunking. To be sure, he touches briefly on the outstanding vogues of today, such as neoclassicism and the metaphysical divagations of Schönberg. But the name of Stravinsky, for example, is only let fall in passing, and the widely varying types of modern music are nowise expounded or panegyrized with an aim to cramming them down the throats of a seasick public that would sooner have things rushing through their gullets in the opposite direction. For which Mr. Dent is generously to be thanked.

His booklet is an interpretation of the future of music by means of the nature and ultimate significance of all music. It is totally devoid of sensationalism or concessions of any sort. It has, rather, that classicism and universality, ever grateful but, alas, infrequently achieved either in style or in content by musical commentators. It is not for one time only; it will apply as forcefully and as suitably to the music that is new in 1950 or a hundred years hence.

So there is no more urgency to run, purchase, and read it than there is to run, purchase, and attempt to read the "Ars Poetica" of Horace. Yet many would profit by reading "Terpander" immediately—and not a few could well commit it to memory.

Attributions

THE PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. An Attempt to Determine their Respective Shares and the Shares of Others. By E. H. C. OLIPHANT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by T. W. BALDWIN
University of Illinois

SELDOM is it given to one both to help begin and to end an epoch. Yet that would seem to be the fortune of Professor Oliphant. He was one of the group which, beginning in the seventies of the last century, first made it clear, contrary to the accepted opinion of more than two centuries, that it was possible to separate with considerable accuracy the work of Beaumont and Fletcher, with which a great deal of that of Massinger is intermingled. Now Professor Oliphant aims in this volume to bring together under the microscope of his literary judgment the accumulated opinions of all who have had an opinion to offer—in some cases including "correspondence" opinion not previously published. Here then we get a consensus of opinion and the reasons therefore down to date. That consensus makes it clear that there is now essential agreement on the authorship of the great bulk of the plays under consideration.

There are, however, a few plays, badly preserved for one cause or another, and a few sections of plays, which will probably long remain the happy battleground of the technicians. These can have little significance for the general scholar, since they are for the most part of little instrinsic worth, though a method which would settle them satisfactorily is highly to be desired for its technical possibilities in other connections. Naturally, Professor Oliphant's book becomes the indispensable one for all future investigation on this particular problem of authorship, and because this problem is the model for all others of its kind in the Elizabethan field, for problems of authorship in general. This collection of opinion Professor Oliphant has done well, though one may wish for the complete bibliography of the subject, from which he reasonably excuses himself. The most important things, however, he has referred to. Still, for instance, one would have liked on the Field problem to know that Professor Oliphant had seen such a work as Professor Lacy Lockert's edition of "The Fatal Dowry." It would also have been desirable to have the consensus of opinion on plays as clearly summed up in tabular form as is Professor Oliphant's own present opinion.

These matters, however, are in accord with Professor Oliphant's own statement of principles. For Professor Oliphant believes that the potter is greater than the clay, and vigorously wields his scholastic cudgel upon some magnificently crowned heads whom he considers unfaithful to this principle. One trembles for his audacity, which has decidedly entertaining possibilities if a certain knight should lay lance in rest to avenge offended dignity. Professor Oliphant states frankly that his opinions on this problem of authorship "are almost entirely based on appreciations of poetical cadences that are practically incapable of exact proof," on "matters of style, of melody, of turns of phrase, of sentence building." Thus: "The plan adopted on my first examination of the plays was to divide them on broad general grounds, giving particular consideration to the rhythmic qualities of the verse, as it struck me in reading; the counting I relied on only for verification." As a scientific procedure, this method has its defects; but it least it keeps the eye fixed on the fundamental purpose, which is literary discrimination. And in these pages one will find included as searchingly probably as anywhere the attempts of literary men to observe even though through a glass but darkly the esthetic reactions within them. But now that we are reasonably assured that there is a certain uniformity of reaction, it is certainly possible to apply scientific and impersonal methods to measuring and discriminating those reactions and the reasons for them, even if, as at least one enthusiast would persuade us, those reactions should prove to be but merely abdominal. Professor Oliphant has seemingly closed the epoch of chiefly personal opinion by making a sufficiently valid consensus of that opinion. His work should open yet a new epoch by making it clear that there are really scientific data on which to work.

In the most unexpected places, throughout the book, one keeps finding the challenge of a personality with an ideal of truth, who dares think his own thoughts, and even while he reports them, yet greatly dares openly and without shame to say, I have been wrong in the past and may be still. While no scholar ever expects that he may in truth and honesty hear the judgment of "Perfectly done," yet it should be possible for literary friend and foe alike to join in according to the many-battled warrior who has kept the faith and still fights on the tribute of "Well done."

Seven Strings of the Lyre

Elizabeth Schermerhorn

The amazing story of George Sand and her search for perfect love. The Seven Strings of the Lyre were the seven men of genius who were her chief lovers. Here is an authentic biography, filled with romantic material and so vividly written that it reads like a novel.

Illustrated, $4.00

SHELLEY

Walter Edwin Peck

¶ After seven years of research, Professor Peck has produced a life of "Mad Shelley" that will take its place with the best of modern biographies for vividness, completeness and authenticity.

¶ A wealth of hitherto unpublished poems, letters and essays are included, new light of extraordinary interest is thrown on the tangled friendships and love affairs of Shelley, and the poet himself is clearly presented both as a man and as an artist.

¶ "All future study of Shelley must begin here."—*London Quarterly Review.*

¶ "'Shelley' must take its place beside Amy Lowell's 'Keats' as a splendid example of American constructive scholarship. We believe the book will enjoy the reading it deserves."—*New York Times.*

Two octavo volumes, lavishly illustrated, 12.50

The Heart of Thoreau's Journals

Edited by

Odell Shepard

"Thoreau's Journals belong unquestionably among the first treasures of our literature. They reveal one of the most interesting minds we have produced." —*From the Preface.* Professor Shepard's deftly selected extracts make a companion volume to "The Heart of Emerson's Journals." $3.00

Houghton Mifflin Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature Abroad

By Ernest Boyd

WHEN Gaetano Salvemini described Mussolini as the Rudolph Valentino of Italian politics, he assuredly had no wish to defame that illustrious compatriot of Il Duce. He was referring to that element of *cabotinage*, of bluff, of moviesque megalomania, which is the despair or the cynical delight, according to circumstances, of those who contemplate the Italian scene. In political action this Hollywood atmosphere is maintained by dint of phrases as resounding as the expenses and publicity of a Cecil B. De Mille production, and as hollow as the titles which adorn those masterpieces. Like his movie compeers, the Fascist leader has yearnings after culture, after higher things than thugs, castor oil, and foreign loans. He has at last found an opportunity to stand before the world as the patron of a publishing enterprise worthy of the Fascist setting.

I refer to the projected edition of the complete works of Gabriele d'Annunzio, which is to consist of eighty volumes, to be published within a period of six years, under the patronage of Benito Mussolini and . . . His Majesty the King of Italy. Only two thousand seven hundred and sixteen copies, all on large paper, will be printed, and there will be six super-de luxe copies, printed on parchment by hand press, signed by the author, bound in full morocco, and sold at a trifle of nine thousand lire per copy.

The first volume is a sort of preface and index to the set, containing facsimiles of manuscripts and photographs of the author and his possessions. There is the first page of "Il Trionfo della Morte" and the last page of "Il Fuoco," passages from "Francesca da Rimini" and "Notturno," and so forth. The photographs reveal the author in every conceivable phase of his career and in divers costumes and surroundings: as a young student at the Collegio Cicognini di Prato, as a White Lancer, as a lieutenant in the flying corps, as a naval volunteer at Buccari, as a major at Fiume; d'Annunzio convalescing in 1916, d'Annunzio with his hounds in his garden on the shores of Lake Garda.

D'Annunzio's property, movable and immovable, is largely exhibited: his villas, his libraries, his statuary, his gardens; the atrium dedicated to Michel Angelo, the Franciscan oratory, the arms of the Prince of Monte Nevoso. An auctioneer's catalogue or an estate agent's prospectus could not more graphically proclaim these substantial rewards of a life devoted to the Muses. Nor are the things of the mind overlooked. The Minister of Public Instruction contributes a preface and the author himself compiles the bibliography of all the works which are to appear in this edition.

D'Annunzio promises a further group of poems to follow "Laudi;" "La Grazia" and "L'Annunziazione" will succeed "Le Vergini delle Rocce;" other novels announced are: "Il Trionfo della Vita," "Buonarotta," "Tormentilla," and "Il Vittorio dell'Uomo." In a series of "lives of famous and obscure men" an interesting title is "La Vita di Gabriele d'Annunzio, Maestro di tutte le arti e tutti i mestieri." There will be six more volumes of the autobiographical "Le Faville del Maglio," and three mystery plays in old French, in addition to various Italian mysteries and tragedies. A lot of work will be required to fill up these eighty quarto volumes which, beautifully printed as they are, seem less a monument to the greatest living Italian writer than a monumental exhibition of the most vulgar self-satisfaction.

The author was preceded, however, in this form of literary megalomania by a work which is assuredly one of the greatest curiosities in any literature. I refer to Roberto Forcella's "D'Annunzio: 1863-1883." This innocent-looking book, published by the Fondazione Leonardo in Rome, consists of nearly three hundred and forty pages. It is not a life, but merely a bibliography of d'Annunzio up to his twentieth year. As this covers about four years of his literary life, one is entitled to speculate as to how many volumes will be necessary to complete the work. Evidently d'Annunzio cannot complain that he is not being taken seriously.

The volume begins with a list of all d'Annunzio's relatives, his certificates of birth and baptism, and even the servants are not forgotten. One frequently disputed fact does seem once and for all established: the author was christened Gabriele d'Annunzio, and not Rapagnetta, as has been alleged. Nearly forty pages of close print are devoted to bibliographical facts before d'Annunzio's first poem is reached. This miracle is accomplished by the simple process of writing notes upon every name mentioned and by quoting allusions in the author's subsequent work to these scenes and events of his early childhood. D'Annunzio was sixteen when his Ode to King Humbert was published in a brochure, described as of "inestimable value." In the same year, 1879, he published his first book of verse, "Primo Vere," as to which some interesting facts are given, quotations from the review, and a statement that the second edition was "revised with pen and fire."

In order to give some idea of the incredible industry and solemn hero-worship which have gone into the making of this bibliography, I will cite a typical reference. Having quoted from a French review, (year, volume, issue, and pages duly noted) Roberto Forcella proceeds to elucidate a matter of earth-shaking importance. D'Annunzio said that his "first adolescent troubles" were associated in his mind with "an andantino by the Abbé Michel-Angelo Rossi." Whereupon we are treated to a brief biography of the Abbé, cross references to several musical dictionaries, and a complete reprint of the piece of music itself! His schoolboy romances are catalogued, his friends, his diplomas. There are specimens of his letters to his parents, which show that the child was certainly father to the man. For example, at the age of twelve, he wrote to his father:

"By this time you will have read my five letters, written in different languages, and you will have blessed me. You see, father, that is the only real pleasure, the only real comfort which I have for my pains: I like praise because I know that you will enjoy the praise given to me; I like glory because I know that you will rejoice to hear that my name is famous. . . .

"Yesterday the headmaster knew that I had written you those letters and sent you my work. He called me and told me I was a good son, that I should succeed, that I had a good heart, that you were not spending your money in vain, and that, in spite of all, he knew that I was not conceited, but always affectionate and kind. . . .

"Yesterday, I do not hesitate to say so, was the finest day in my life. . . . My eyes began to shine, and my heart swelled and swelled in my breast, so that I needed relief, and opened out my arms towards you. Burning tears bathed my cheeks, tears of joy. Only one thing was lacking to make me completely happy: your kiss.

"Dear father and mother, I shall always thank you for having brought me into the world; I thank you with all my soul for having given me a kind heart. I adore you, and if my country is ever proud of me, I want the praise to go to you, not to me. Farewell! From the depths of my soul I greet you, o parents, brothers, and relatives, o my friends, o my teacher, o you who nourish a certain affection for me! From the depths of my soul I salute thee, Pescara, my native town, ye waters of Aterno, ye hills, my natal home in which lie such rich treasures of virtue and affection."

In its childishness, its flamboyancy, its ingenuous self-confidence, this letter of the twelve year old d'Annunzio contains him in embryo. No wonder Varducci, meeting him as a youth of nineteen, noted the fact in his diary. After an entry of fifteen centesimi for carfare, five centesimi for a newspaper, and notes on his day's work, Carducci wrote: "I met d'Annunzio." In "Faville del Maglio" the poet confesses that he was in pursuit of "a magnificent and illiterate woman who held our youthful pleiade in subjection" when he bounded up the stairs of a newspaper and encountered the great man. Their effect upon each other was mutual.

Out of this laborious, humorless compilation admirers of d'Annunzio will glean some useful and much useless material. The author goes so far as to note that during a certain period d'Annunzio used the word "sensuality" 316 times, "voluptà" 260 times, and "obscenity" 68 times. He gives every variant where revisions have taken place, quotes reviews, letters to publishers, and thousands of irrelevant details. The latter I have quoted doubtless explains the state of mind which enabled d'Annunzio to arrange the definitive edition of his works, and this bibliography explains the state of mind to which such an edition is directed. *La Terre des Vendeurs* makes d'Annunzio and Mussolini kin.

BORZOI BOOKS
of a memorable year

DEATH COMES *for the* ARCHBISHOP
by Willa Cather
"It is one of the most superb pieces of literary endeavor this reviewer has ever read, regardless of language or nation." Dorothy Foster Gilman, in the *Boston Evening Transcript* Fourth large printing $2.50

KITTY by Warwick Deeping
A novel for all who were ever in love, by the author of SORRELL & SON (second year, second hundred thousand) and of DOOMSDAY (ninth month, tenth large printing). Fiftieth thousand $2.50
SORRELL & SON and DOOMSDAY boxed together, $5.00
In flexible morocco, $5.00 each

THE COUNTERFEITERS
by André Gide
Author of STRAIT IS THE GATE and LAFCADIO'S ADVENTURES
"It is to be hoped that with this magnificent book he will come more into his own, as Thomas Mann has come into his own over here with the publication of THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN."
$3.00 *The New York Times*

Journal of
KATHERINE MANSFIELD
Author of BLISS, THE GARDEN PARTY, etc.
Edited by J. Middleton Murry
"The book must be read. . . . It is, above all, the *person* who captivates us here, and not the authoress: and a phrase or two, a page or two, will not content us." Conrad Aiken in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. Illustrated from photographs $3.50

THE HUMAN BODY by Logan Clendening, M.D.
"He writes gracefully and clearly, and he never forgets that the human machine is also a man, and that the man has hopes and dreams as well as liver and lights. . . . His book is sound in its facts, admirable in its clarity, and very charmingly written . . . by long odds the best work of its kind that has yet come to light in America." H. L. Mencken, in *The Nation* 100 illustrations, grave, gay, illuminating $5.00

And don't allow yourself to miss
THREE WIVES by Beatrice Kean Seymour. $2.50. Every marriage.
THE PROMISED LAND by Ladislas Reymont, author of *The Peasants*. 2 volumes boxed. $5.00. Peasants industrialized.
O RARE BEN JONSON by Byron Steel. $3.00. The whole man.
GEORGE W BELLOWS: HIS LITHOGRAPHS. $15.00. All of the 195 lithographs.
NEGRO DRAWINGS by Miguel Covarrubias. $7.50. Living Harlem.
STUFFED PEACOCKS by Emily Clark. Woodcuts by Wharton Esherick. $2.50. Southern vignettes.
LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE by George Jean Nathan. $2.50. Signs of the times.
THE WORLD'S LURE by Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm. Illustrated. $5.00. Twenty great courtesans.
THE ROMANCE OF VILLON by Francis Carco. Illustrated. $5.00. The truth, the romance.
THE MIRACLE BOY by Louis Golding, author of *Day of Atonement*. Woodcuts by Herbert Gurschner. $2.50. A peasant Messiah.
THE GATEWAY TO LIFE by Frank Thiess. $3.00. Youth's adventure.
ANIMAL STORIES THE INDIANS TOLD by Elizabeth Bishop Johnson. Illustrated. $2.00. Tribal fables.

In design, materials, and workmanship, the new BORZOI BOOKS reach standards distinguishing them from most publications, and among any.
SEE THEM AT YOUR BOOKSHOP
Publisher ALFRED A KNOPF 730 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
BORZOI BOOKS
In Canada, from THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. *St. Martin's House, Toronto*

EARN PROMOTION AND COLLEGE CREDIT
through the
HOME-STUDY COURSES
in 40 different subjects given by
The University of Chicago
349 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Book Notes
ILLUSTRATED
The well known literary periodical, in its new dress, has set the book world talking.
Published bi-monthly. Send $1.00 to the publisher for a year's subscription.
EDWIN VALENTINE MITCHELL, INC.
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

Indispensable to the bibliophile
American Book-Prices Current
Description and prices of Books, Manuscripts and Autographs sold at auction throughout the country.
Thirty-two years of reliable service.
The issue covering *1926*, $20.00
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lippincott Books by Modern Authors

A NOVEL OF MODERN MANNERS

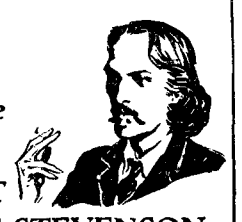
They Call it Love

BY *LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE*

"Romance sings through the book like a melody."
—BOSTON GLOBE

2nd Large Printing $2.00

The Love Romance of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



The CAP OF YOUTH

by JOHN A. STEUART

"A glowing addition to the personal literature of genius. There is fire in it."
—PHILA. INQUIRER

2nd Large Printing $2.50

NAPOLEON and his WOMEN FRIENDS

By GERTRUDE ARETZ

Translated from the German by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL

Startling, almost sensational disclosures that throw an entirely new light on Napoleon. Frankly, and without prejudice the author discusses his many love affairs, his one real love, his mistresses!

16 Illustrations $5.00

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

By R. MACNAIR WILSON

Author of "The Beloved Physician, Sir James Mackenzie."

Northcliffe—the man who influenced the minds of men and of kings. Dr. Wilson—his intimate friend—here gives a vibrant picture of the great statesman and journalist. *Frontispiece $5.00.*

J.B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA & LONDON

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 5. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best unrhymed poem in which every second line is borrowed, without alteration, from the work of some "standard" poet. Excepting Shakespeare, no such poet may be twice drawn upon. Entries must not exceed twenty lines in all; lines borrowed should be referred to their sources in footnotes. (Entries for this competition should be mailed in time to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 14.)

Competition No. 6. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing extracts (totaling not more than 400 words) from a diary supposed to have been kept by Edgar Allan Poe during his schooldays at Stoke Newington. (Entries for this competition should be mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 21.)

Competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

THE SECOND COMPETITION

A CHARACTERISTIC fragment in not more than 350 words from the preface to "Columbus—A Comedy," by George Bernard Shaw.

All the entries were good, but not quite up to the level of the prize-winner's. A surprisingly large proportion of competitors contrived to produce fragments in which the Shavian matter and manner were respectably combined. Others, starting out with some little trick of expression only too easy to imitate from the original, rapidly lapsed into the substance and style of the Columbus article in some third rate encyclopædia, and thus their efforts, taken as parody, were on a par with "Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever; I have never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

Frances Loomis, who presented Columbus as the first American supersalesman breaking down a woman's sales resistance, and CAP, with his paragraph heading "Should America have been Discovered?" (which is reminiscent of a volume "Was Columbus Justified?" that Miss Rebecca West once told me she wanted to write) did not catch the tones of Mr. Shaw's prose and I am not completely convinced of the Shavian character of their ideas. Both argued ingeniously, nevertheless. Joseph T. Shipley enlisted Mr. Shaw (rather too mildly) in a movement to raise Amerigo Vespucci above Columbus, and Doris Buck began staggeringly with "Mortification reigned at the Spanish court when everyone realized that Columbus had discovered nothing but a new continent," but failed to make Mr. Shaw justify the several times unhistorical statement. Marion Yazdi, alone, saw an alternative heroine for the comedy in Beatrix Enriques, "the inevitable improper female." Everybody else took Isabella as a matter of course.

In the end I had to choose between Raymond Fuller's clever juggling with political ideas, Samuel Lipshutz's "What Did Christofero Want?" and the fragment by W. L. W. which takes the prize. Mr. Lipshutz's idea was perhaps a little too romantic for his author.

Consider this sailor, possessed of a fine mind, sure that the earth was not round, and full of fine ideas on everything from eggs to jewelry. He attempts one great scheme after another, to find himself held down, repressed, baffled. *Wanderlust* seeks him out and makes him its victim. He would travel. He would like to make the greatest voyage in the history of the world. He would like, in fact, to find out if there is an edge to the world, and to dump a boatload of sailors over this edge if he found it. . . . His joy must have been great when he sailed away, not with one ship but with three. . . . three boatloads of His Majesty's sailors, going to certain destruction, and all to satisfy a whim! It is the conception of a poet, and a great one. When he discovered land, his sorrow must have been great. Of that we need not speak. Suffice it that we know why Mr. Columbus died so happily in jail. He was a martyr to fancy.

I hope to find room for Mr. Fuller's fragment in a later issue. W. L. W., I think, is the most convincingly Shavian of them all in a parody informed by real critical acumen.

THE PRIZE-WINNING FRAGMENT

At heart, then, Columbus was the Henry Ford of his time—the one man outstandingly interested in cheaper transportation.

Scientist or thinker he was not; he had nothing in common with his contemporary, the great Erasmus poring over manuscripts in his library. Carefree adventurer he was not, though sometimes his business ideas involved taking risks. Idealist and visionary he was not, for he dreamed not of new lands but of short cuts to old trading places.

He saw the slowness and dangers of the old route to India; and as an efficient navigator, he looked for a short and cheap route. In later ages he might have plotted canals, planned railroad routes, or invented cheap automobiles.

As the scenes develop, we see clearly that he was the first American in spirit as in body. He has the fondness for smart tricks that our American cousins confuse with a sense of humor. He stands eggs on end until he becomes notorious for this vaudeville act. With typical American effrontery he takes his hobby to the king and queen of a great foreign nation. Employing the Yankee gift of gab, he induces the queen to pawn her jewels for his enterprise. With dogged fidelity to Cheaper Transportation, he defies the orthodox religious superstitions of his sailors, and forces them to risk immediate damnation in the cause of cheap spice and cheap tea. Like the wheel horses of the modern business world, he is never willing to retire; like more than one captain of industry, he eventually lands in prison.

The epilogue (A. D. 1992) is an essential part of his spiritual life and cannot be omitted to please my suburban admirers. The conference of representative Americans to debate the removing of the statue of Columbus in the interest of better traffic conditions, should be conducted with due solemnity. The razing of the statue should be accompanied by the applause of sensible business men, the cries of the white-caps, and the triumphant honking of cheap motor horns.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner.
2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Only one side of the paper should be used. Prose entries must be clearly marked off at the end of each fifty words. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned.
3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry. The decision of the Competitions Editor is final and he can in no circumstances enter into correspondence.

The CORNISH EDITION of the Novels of Winston Churchill

THE canvas of Winston Churchill is as large as his country. Almost the whole of America down to the World War is spread in bright colors across these ten novels—from the westward trek of the pioneer in *The Crossing* to modern industrialism in *The Dwelling Place of Light.* "One novel after another has presented some encroaching problem of American civic or social life: the control of politics of interest in *Mr. Crewe's Career;* divorce in *A Modern Chronicle;* the conflict between Christianity and business in *The Inside of the Cup;* and the oppression of the soul by the lust for temporal power in *A Far Country.*"

None of these romances has died—the problems have not diminished. *Richard Carvel* remains one of the most perfect historical romances written in America. A contemporary novelist of note confessed he read it fourteen times without a break before he sat down to produce a recent historical best-seller. Winston Churchill's books are perennially interesting because he never forgot to tell a good story.

Your library has a definite place for this new edition, which has been completely reset, printed from new plates, and handsomely bound in a new format. Or, if you prefer, volumes may be bought singly.

Richard Carvel
The Crossing — The Crisis
The Celebrity — Coniston
Mr. Crewe's Career
A Modern Chronicle
The Inside of the Cup
A Far Country
The Dwelling Place of Light

See this edition at your book seller's. A fine holiday remembrance for the bookish friend.

Price per Set $25.00
By the Volume $2.50

The Macmillan Co.
New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

RASPUTIN. By PRINCE FELIX YOUSSOUPOFF. Translated by LINCOLN MACVEAGH. Dial Press. 1927. $5.

The ingenuous volume which Prince Felix Youssoupoff has made out of his part in the killing of Rasputin adds little to the main story not commonly known. It does possess, of course, the piquant interest that attaches to any assassin's "confessions." And what with the hideous personality of Rasputin himself and the grotesquely clumsy fashion in which he was done to death, plus the charming personality of the Prince himself, his beautiful wife—who was the Princess Irinia Alexandrovna, daughter of the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovich—not to speak of the beautiful hall and the beautiful drawing-room in the Prince's palace, all duly pictured here, we have a really quite "delightfully Russian" mixture of murder and confiture.

The Prince himself appears as a not untypical example of the old Russian aristocracy—handsome, elegant, and charming, that is to say, quite medieval in his political and social notions, capable of dashing and gallant behavior on occasion, but in most practical situations behaving more like a hysterical schoolgirl than a man.

When he went to visit the *starets*, while laying plans for the latter's murder, and Rasputin had him lie down on a couch and began to stroke his chest, neck, and head, the Prince "grew numb." He could not speak or move, only see Rasputin's eyes glowing with "a kind of phosphorescent light" while from them "came two rays which flowed into each other and merged into one glowing circle." After the murder, after, that is to say, Rasputin had swallowed enough poisoned cakes to kill an elephant, had been shot several times, kicked in the face, dragged about the courtyard in the snow, and finally flung downstairs, "some sort of paroxysm," seized the Prince. "I rushed at the body and began battering it with the loaded stick . . . in my frenzy I hit anywhere. At that moment all laws of God and man were set at naught. Purishkevich subsequently told me that it was a harrowing sight that he would never be able to forget it. I lost consciousness. . . "

There is a delightful sidelight on the good old days when a young man in Prince Youssoupoff's station could do no wrong. After enough fuss had been made by the murderers to attract the attention of half of Petersburg, one would think, and the Prince, in response to the leisurely inquiries of the Chief of Police, General Grigoriev, next day, had told a yarn which wouldn't fool a rabbit, the latter replied:

"I am very grateful, Prince, for your information. I shall drive straight to the Prefect and report to him all you have told me. Your explanation clears up the incident, and completely guarantees you from unpleasant consequences of any kind."

Heigh ho! Happy days . . . ! All very different, now. On page 107, a passing note informs us that "M. A. A. Khovstov, Governor General of Nizhni-Novgorod in 1914, was made Minister of the Interior thanks to Rasputin's intrigues. He subsequently became convinced of the evil influence exercised by the starets, and resolved to poison him." . . . Naturally! Well, it's a long, long way from Main Street to Moscow, and people should try to remember that when trying to understand strange things that happen in Russia.

Fiction

THE BARBURY WITCH. By ANTHONY RICHARDSON. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.50.

In his excellent novel of last year, "High Silver," Mr. Richardson dealt with the ruinous effects upon others' lives wrought by the malevolent personality of a tyrannical old man. He here, though less successfully, implants this same blighting perversity in a sinister, wholly unmoral, middle-aged gentlewoman, Mrs. Henriette de Fevel, as unpleasant, and yet as morbidly fascinating, a character as we have contemplated in recent fiction of serious tone. She is the mother of Roger, issue of her first marriage, a man of thirty-four, of Margaret, twenty-five, child of an illicit union, and of Fanny, a delicate girl of fifteen, fruit of an unhappy second marriage. Because of her flagrant offenses against convention, she is banned from all contact with the association of her youth, and has for fifteen years lived alone with her two daughters in an isolated Wiltshire cottage. It is to this dreary solitude that Roger, after an absence of five years in the East, returns for a long visit, bringing with him his friend, Arthur.

The disturbing conditions in which he finds his three women-folk, the disillusioning realization of his mother's baseness, and his desire to free Margaret from the elder woman's oppression, impel Roger to adopt decisive measures for the belated salvage of his menaced family. But at every turn, the depravity and guile of his mother meet and thwart his efforts, shattering the love of Arthur for Margaret, and afterward creating among them a situation of unbearable tension. Clearly, there is no way out of it save in Mrs. de Fevel's death, and that is contrived at the close by a fearful outburst of melodrama which caused us drastically to alter the hitherto favorable impression we had formed of the story.

THE BACCHANTE. By ROBERT HICHENS. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1927. $2.50.

More and more the fiction of Robert Hichens breaks out in a rash of quotation marks. Chatter, chatter, chatter, page after page. Much of it is very good conversation but no conversation is good for so many pages. One yearns for paragraphs of narrative. There are some, of course, but they are few and much between.

"The Bacchante" turns the tables on "The Garden of Allah." This time it is a lady who gradually but inevitably withdraws herself from love and lovers into the still waters of the religious life. Valentine Morris, the Bacchante, is an actress with personality, intelligence, and allure. The book is her book and tells the story of the battle for her soul and body. She quite frankly has both, for this is a dualism that has always appealed strongly to Mr. Hichens. Four men form the offensive: a selfish, conceited, hypocritical but handsome actor who has been Valentine's lover for years but who wants from her now only professional assistance; a theatrical producer of much business acumen and, also, an instinctive *flair* for the real in art, who wants Valentine for his theatre and for himself; a Catholic priest who reads Valentine's nature and sees which way salvation lies for her; and a playwright who simply and completely loves Valentine and wants to marry her. Before these men, each demanding something of her more than she wishes to give, Valentine stands, resenting their different powers over her and appalled by the traitorous nature she finds within her. She is a complex heroine moving in a complex world. Mr. Hichens's characters always have the advantage of existing in a world almost as complete and various as the one we live in. Without the slightest effort he can people an entire city, never once over-lapping in characterization. His men and women have such clearly marked individualities that they can be distinguished one from another by their conversation, a test which few of the *dramatis personae* in contemporary fiction can face with equanimity. "The Bacchante" is a spacious book, as most of Mr. Hichens's are, and full of talk and circumstance which lead, more or less circuitously, to his familiar philosophy of renunciation. Most of the characters who have attracted the pen of Robert Hichens have found Vanity Fair a vain and perverse place, but they have always lingered there long enough to make a good story long.

THE HOUSE MADE WITH HANDS. By the Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

This first novel by the anonymous English author who has won considerable attention in America with her later books, "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" and "This Day's Madness," has for subject the domination of place over personality. Barbara, the principal figure, is a young girl much of a piece with Juliet and Letty, the heroines of her other two stories. She grows up in the London suburbs, attached to her birthplace even more than to her family. Marriage, death, the war, pass over her head while she clings to the illusion of her childhood happiness, bounded by the four walls of her home. Unable to keep up the place, oblivious of her sole chance for a happy marriage, she refuses to see the futility of her attachment until the house is destroyed. Even then, the author implies, it may have been too late.

(Continued on next page)

VIKING BOOKS

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

has carried on the remarkable achievement of her first novel THE TIME OF MAN in her second novel

MY HEART AND MY FLESH

This story of one woman's early life has a theme that is universal. Those who plunge themselves into its rich life, its love and pain and hope, will experience a unique adventure of mind and heart. It is unquestionably an American masterpiece.

$2.50

THE VIKING PRESS ✦ NEW YORK

Just Published!

OUR TIMES

★ ★

America Finding Herself

by Mark Sullivan

The news you talked about, the men you discussed, the songs you sang, the clothes you wore, the fads you followed—all the multi-colored picture of America from about 1904 to 1908 is brought to life in this new volume, made even more vivid by hundreds of cartoons, photographs and sketches of the day. Complete in itself, like its predecessor "The Turn of the Century," the new book continues the history of "Our Times" through the eventful years.

Your bookseller has it, $5.00

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

The dirty loafers who hung 'round the Flat Iron on windy days in the Nineties, — never saw as much as the top of a lady's boot.

"FOND MEMORY BRINGS THE LIGHT . . OF OTHER DAYS AROUND ME"

In the Golden Nineties

by HENRY COLLINS BROWN

100 PICTURES
8 in Color
422 PAGES
Price $5.00
AT ALL BOOKSHOPS
VALENTINE'S MANUAL
HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

The study is carefully undertaken. Barbara is presented in detail from baby days to middle age, and the personification of the house, on which the entire book rests, is finely done. The conflict, however, is too undramatic, too static to make effective literature. One feels the power of the house over the child, malign, slow, and crushing, but the small chronicle of family life is scarcely more than dull. The book is also far more sentimental than "Miss Tiverton," and less closely written. There are a good many passages that the author would not now write as they stand, one feels. The remarkable advance in her powers as a novelist, to which these three books bear witness, confers importance and interest upon this unknown lady far beyond anything shown in her first work.

WILD. By CAROL DENNY HILL. Day. 1927. $2.

Life to the heroine of "Wild" is just one damn man after another, and we don't mean after. The book is calculated to awaken desire for higher education in the heart of many a backwoods maid. With the authority of a Columbia student for it that the girls of the Barnard dormitories scamper out at ten of an evening to stagger in at five of a morning, what more natural, after a hasty putting in order of entrance credits and lingerie, than a general exodus from the sticks to the registrar's office at 116th Street? Here is a college story with a vengeance. Gone are the days of "Brown of Harvard" or "When Patty Went to College." Instead we have this handy compendium of pseudo-life and near-love in Manhattan, a perfect Baedeker of night in the metropolis. It enumerates all the vices of "New York in Seven Days" as well as those of "The One Thousand and One Nights of Scheherazade," and is replete with addresses as well as adventures.

Helen Atchison is the progressive young lady upon whom the amours and anecdotes of "Wild" are hung. According to the author, she comes from Ohio to educate herself in New York City, but she might just as well have come from anywhere and much better have gone nowhere. Her daily life begins at tea-time (Ritz preferably, the very lounge designated) and steps rapidly along through dinner, theatre, supper, dancing, petting, breakfast. Then back to the dear old Alma Mater for a cold shower and a dash of aromatic spirits of ammonia before a few moments of class-work in Spanish, Abnormal Psychology, or Russian Literature. Helen has daylight saving down to a fine art, she seems never to use a moment of it; but when nights are given in such detail who would ask for days? College students, artists, men about town, professional men, and whatever else is able to struggle into a tuxedo at sundown, all fall for Helen. She does a little shadow-boxing with each (with minute osculatory descriptions), coming out of every encounter as asinine as she went in. She is the last word in self-centered, predatory, hard-boiled virginity. You will be pleased—though scarcely surprised—to hear that she marries the right man and leaves her past behind her,—but threatens a future.

THE UNPAID PIPER. By WOODWARD BOYD. Scribners. 1927. $2.

Either Mrs. Boyd knows no one worth writing about, or is restrained by some Puritanical inhibition from writing about them; and creation of characters more interesting than the flesh-and-blood persons one knows is, of course, out of fashion. This story deals with the South Side of Chicago, lately celebrated by Mr. John Gunther, most of whose characters were as unimportant as Mrs. Boyd's; but he did manage to get over the conviction that two of them had experienced a passion of some dignity. From that the author of "The Unpaid Piper" is debarred by her theme; she has chosen to tell the story of the rise and fall of an old maid—how a girl of no excessive natural attractiveness is discouraged from trying to attract men, or even meeting them anywhere near half way, by her mother's moral teachings; and how, at thirty-five, she finally breaks out into an imprudent and disastrous affair.

Certainly no theme has been more frequently treated of late years than this, and it is pretty hard to find anything new to say about it. A first-rate artist could have given dignity and importance to the history of Laura Shaw; but Mrs. Boyd would have been well advised to use the technical competence which her earlier novels displayed on some less exacting subject. As it is, the clarity and movement which disguised the unimportance of the personages of "Lazy Laughter" is missing from this book; and the story is not improved by the author's occasional pauses to explain, with blackboard and pointer, what it is about. Yet there is one delightful bit, all too brief, about Muriel Adams, the girl who went about telling everybody about her rise from the lowest stratum of society and her determination to lose her virginity; it is proof that Mrs. Boyd could do some excellent work if she could get away from the idea that the dulness, the fogginess, and the inconsequence of life should be faithfully reproduced in fiction.

FIGHTING BLOOD: A Tale of Kitchener's Campaign in the Soudan. By DONALD HAMILTON HAINES. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

Apart from the graphic descriptions of the battle scenes and of the advance by K. of K.'s troops across the desert to the Dervish stronghold, Omdurman, there is little here to attract adventure story readers. Bob Sherwood, the hero, on landing in Cairo after several years passed at school abroad, learns that his father, a major of British Colonials, has died under suspicion of cowardice while fighting against the Arabs. So Bob, determined to clear his sire's name, enlists in the Irregulars, is sent as spy into the midst of the fanatic tribesmen, discovers the major's betrayer, and for his own valiant conduct in the campaign wins a lieutenant's commission. The book reads like a spirit message from the late G. A. Henty.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK. By NAT J. FERBER. Covici. 1927. $2.

The life and people of the East Side Ghetto have seldom known more comprehensive and illuminating depiction than is accorded them in this depressingly graphic story. Its chief character is Sam Posternock, illegitimate son of a Russian-Jewish peasant girl and her higher born lover. For a cash consideration, the infant Sam is adopted by the poverty-stricken Alter Posternock and his wife who, with their own half-dozen small children, soon after emigrate from Russia to New York. As the most neglected, ill-treated minor of the swarming slums, the outcast Sam's wretched boyhood passes. He is undersized, underfed, frail, precocious, ugly, the owner of a disproportionately large and resourceful head, attributes which do not endear him to his lowly fellows. Another slum child, Goldie, from whom he is parted in adolescense, and one or two other companions, besides the always benevolent, wife-dominated foster-father, offer Sam a slight consolation for the hardships of his lot. In his early twenties, self-educated and ambitious to rise, Sam does attain a temporary affluence, but is deprived of it by the corrupt men who have used him as a blind means to their own enrichment. That proclaims the end, apparently, of poor Sam's struggle for prosperity. He is a pathetic, unstable, inefficient soul, but his character, in both its futile and staunch qualities, is drawn with a truth and clarity which render him infinitely real.

ANABEL AT SEA. By SAMUEL MERWIN. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

Mr. Samuel Merwin took a trip around the world, and decided to finance it by writing a series of short stories about a trip around the world. Not about his own trip—oh dear, no; few people care to read about the doings of a middle-aged married male novelist, as why, indeed, should they? Our protagonist is Anabel Cayne, the prim young librarian of a New England country town who bobs her fair hair and sinks an unexpected legacy in a trip around the world with the deliberate purpose of marrying rich. Well, if the steamship companies have any gratitude at all, Mr. Merwin can spend the rest of his life going around the world, with all the expenses on the house; if the local Shylocks foreclose the mortgage on his vine-clad cottage he can move right into the bridal suite on Deck A and stay there till the undertaker calls for him. For the things that happen to our Anabel ought to set every spinster in the country tearing in a mad rush for the nearest pier. Men fling themselves at her in every instalment—rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves; including a Viscount, a Marquis, a movie demigod, and an Emperor, no less. (All right; don't believe it if you don't want to. But it's there in the book). But, of course, she can't marry till the last chapter; so she carries her virginity on the end of an elastic string and tosses it in the face of one hero after another only to snatch it back just in time, and save it for the reformed St. Elmo who meets her on the dock in New York. Mechanically, the stories are competent, of course, and read one at a time in a magazine, some of them might not overstep the pretty generous limits permitted to a fairy story. But ten of them in a row are pretty hard to swallow.

THE WAY OF SINNERS. By F. R. BUCKLEY. Century. 1927. $2.

In this gory tale of medieval Italy, Francesco Vitali, captain of a formidable band of mercenaries, tells his life story. He relates it as a penitent old man spending his last years in a monastic sanctuary, where he seeks remission for his countless sins. Francesco may be accepted as a typical, not overdrawn, professional soldier of his time and country, a conscienceless ruffian who, with his henchmen, when the pay sufficed, was willing to fight valiantly on either side of a controversy between his feudal masters. Since the several petty kingdoms, duchies, republics of northern Italy were then perpetually warring among themselves, there was always plenty for Vitali and his followers to do, conditions which render a large portion of the book's incidents unavoidably repetitious. Though the author obviously knows how to write, and how to get the utmost out of his theme and materials, the story gives one an impression of remoteness and monotony incompatible with any potent hold upon the reader.

THE DEEP END. By PATRICK MILLER. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.50.

In the course of his novel Mr. Miller traces with sincerity and thoroughness the liberation of a young archeologist from the toils of personal inferiority. He has been driven to despair in his work by a titled busybody, and is hampered in his love by a combination of cowardice and unconscious repression. His encounter with life has, indeed, been far from happy. Through a long and often tedious chain of events he at last brings himself to defy the busybody, who retreats immediately, and he clasps the lady to his heart without mental or physical reservations. The history of his development is not always exciting, and even savors rather of the psychologist's case-book, but it cannot be said that the author has spared himself in any way while trying to make his people understandable. He writes with immense conviction, with a clear object ever before him. The inessentials making for entertainment have no place in his book, nor can one quarrel with his exclusion of them. His style varies from the minute narrative

A. A. MILNE *author of* "WINNIE-THE-POOH" *and* "WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG"

gives us another great classic for children!

Please ~ read us another story about Christopher Robin and about Winnie the Pooh!

~and about the Charcoal Burner

~and about the Old Sailor

tell us about the Knight whose Armour didn't squeak!

~NOW WE ARE SIX~

By A. A. MILNE

DECORATIONS BY E. H. SHEPARD

P. S.—You'll enjoy it as much as the children. : *$2.00*

DUTTON'S, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manner of Dorothy Richardson to the careful poignancy of Virginia Woolf, but he is at his best in the rare moments of irony, when he writes of his hero's archeological colleagues in their private, non-archeological, moments. It is a solid book, slightly dull, well-written, indicative of a future for Mr. Miller.

JOSSELIN TAKES A HAND. By ANDREW CASSELS BROWN. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

Josselin and three of his friends, a quartette of grown-up British he-men, meet in reunion for the first time since the war. While they are genially reminiscing on the old days, Josselin begins to relate (his version of it requires three evenings for the telling) a remarkable experience of his own life at a period when for several years he was pitted against a criminal married to the girl Josselin loved. This man was a born malefactor, devoid of a single saving virtue, a moral monster to whom murder, theft, treason to his country were as natural as decent conduct to normal people. Josselin's pursuit of his enemy led him over a goodly share of Europe, ending only when the two met by chance in Greece, and Josselin, in self-defense, killed his foe. For a mystery-adventure tale the book is unusually intelligent and well-written.

WHITE HANDS. By ARTHUR STRINGER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

It does not seem to us that Mr. Stringer had here sufficient materials for a novel, but he has managed to produce from them a tale not over-burdened with padding, whose action never lags, and which, though the outcome is always apparent, never imparts a sense of tedium. Two young daughters of an old-fashioned capitalist so provoke him by their wasteful, dissipated habits that he is moved to adopt extreme measures for their reformation. In furtherance of his plan, he compels the girls to accompany him to an uninhabited Canadian island, where he leaves them amid conditions which demand that they learn to draw their sustenance from the surrounding wilds or perish. Through luck, fortitude, and help from unexpected sources, the two victims of excessive parental severity, survive their harsh ordeal, far the worse physically for their experience and without perceptible benefit to their souls.

THE LEFT BANK. By JEAN RHYS. Harpers. 1927. $2.

The "Left Bank" of Miss Rhys's title is meant to indicate more than the far side of the Seine. It is the far side of life to which she most often carries the people of her stories, the side of poverty, Bohemianism, unhappiness mixed with reckless freedom. Her little segments of this life, brief, effective, and tinged with a slightly hysterical sentiment, deal with a mixed lot, artists of every nationality. Ford Madox Ford has pointed out in a generous introduction the excellencies of her work, the technical skill, the vividness with which she renders passion. He does not add that these anecdotes and sketches are often so slight, so flashing, that their impression on the mind scarcely survives the reading. The final series of impressions, connected by a narrative thread, of Vienna just after the war, is more considerable, but the book as a whole indicates that Miss Rhys's vision of things has not yet clarified, though the tricks of her trade are already mastered.

THE OCTOPUS OF PARIS. By GASTON LEROUX. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

Joseph Rouletabille, the famous Parisian journalist-sleuth, the determining factor also in the author's "The Phantom Clue," again shines as an implacable foe of evil-doers. The betrothed of his friend, de Santierne, having been abducted by Balkan gypsies, the two young men set forth upon the perilous adventure of her rescue. A vast amount of screeching, fighting, and plotting is unloosed, which does not tend to alleviate the tale's inherent absurdity. To crown all, at the close, the mysterious "Octopus" reveals that she is not a woman but Rouletabille himself masquerading as one, in order to strengthen his tactics against the enemy.

PETERSHAM'S HILL. By GRACE TABER HALLOCK. Dutton. 1927. $2.

Wonderful things happened in the country just the other side of Petersham's Hill to Jemima and to a little old-fashioned Quaker boy who bore such a striking resemblance to her own father that she called him Little Papa. Hand in hand they climbed to the top and over to the other side where the adventures began. These never end up to the very last page, and they are a delightful combination of the old fairy tale formula with a dash of present day reality thrown in,—altogether rather a remarkable combination in children's books nowadays. The pair encounter dwarfs and fairies and leprecauns and miners and wizards good and bad. There is plenty of fancy throughout which is never strained to the breaking point as is so often the case in frankly imaginative tales for children. Sometimes the author drops into spirited verse to make her story even more vivid and some of her short descriptions about out-of-doors are the sort to unconsciously stimulate and delight young readers. A gay and pleasant book for the imaginatively inclined child, with some nice decorations by Harrie Wood in the proper spirit.

THE JOY RIDE. By JOHN G. BRANDON. Dial Press. 1927. $2.

Here is mirth, unrestrained and continuous. In spite of the fact that he may not have intended to do so, Mr. Brandon has beaten P. G. Wodehouse at his own game. The type of story is familiar: the humors of the affected, yet effective, diction emphasized by genuinely comic situations. In "The Joy Ride" we find three idiotic young Englishmen of wealth who, lacking anything better to do, buy out a dying private detective agency. Their first and second cases get them into enough trouble to last the length of the novel. And to this trio of irrepressible youths is added, for the confusion of the other people in the book and for the delight of the reader, a most admirable dog, by name "The Bowser." A genuine crook or two and a couple of very real detectives further complicate matters that seem already beyond solution.

Although John G. Brandon has not been a familiar name to us, we shall not forget it in a hurry. "The Joy Ride" is safe for gift purposes as well as for your own enjoyment, nothing in it being likely to offend either your Aunt Sarah or your nephew in college. We wish to recommend this gay novel unreservedly. As light reading it beats anything that has come our way for many months.

CHILDREN OF THE WIND. By DORIS PELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.50.

This is a first novel by a nineteen-year-old girl. It begins with the marriage of sweet, dumb Nellie to Roger, a magazine editor who, after she has borne him a son and daughter, leaves her prematurely a widow. Those events require but little space for the telling, and the bulk of the book is concerned with Nellie's second marriage, the endless up-bringing of the "tots," their adolescence, the first years of their majority, and the wonderful adventures of discovering themselves.

CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE. By E. C. MILLER. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Reared in the complexities of this civilization, we young ones can only see elemental life through such books as "Children of the Mountain Eagle" which, even more than being a picture of the Albanian peasant-world or a pretty story in a pretty setting, like "Heidi," is actually an epic of the mountains. For it is the very story of the soil and the simple history of folk who wring their crude existence from the earth. The language hints at an epic tale, though we wish the author did not every little while become suddenly conscious of our extreme youth. Else we might read this book until we were almost grown up. For it gives us much to ponder over. It is interesting to know what children in that unthinkably distant region beyond the Adriatic Sea do, and how they dress, and that they have what seem to us extremely strange notions about many matters. We discover with surprise, for instance, though it is borne in upon us in a wholly unpedantic manner, that for primal children such necessary evils as schools and soap are actually luxuries. And many more things in this simple, charming book set us to thinking.

BARBERRY BUSH. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

How many lovely, glowing girls Kathleen Norris has brought out of the West! The roll of their names would be as long as that of Villon's lost queens of yesteryear,—as long but less sonorous, for these are for the most part sturdy Anglo-Saxon names. The girls are sturdy and Anglo-Saxon, too,—they need to be if they are to combat the vicissitudes which await them. Barbara Bush Atherton (Barberry Bush) is the latest to be added to the long list of Mrs. Norris's heroines. Her adventures are different, but her character is the same. Reading a new novel of this type by Mrs. Norris ("Certain People of Importance" and the Irish-American sketches show how differently and how easily she can work on a larger canvass) is like rereading a well-loved novel whose characters are intimately familiar and whose story seems always new.

The essential and distinguishing quality of these girls of Katheen Norris is their ability to make contact with life, to come to grips with realities, and to accept the existent, be it palatable or otherwise. They have shaken off the conventionalities of a past at their heels, and they have eschewed the license of an elbowing present. There is in them some natural vital force that marks them out, a kindly sanity in the midst of excess and egotism. They are primarily intelligent rather than intellectual; they are doers rather than observers, but doers in no sense opposed to dreamers. Their capacity for sacrifice is unlimited, yet it is always a clear-eyed and willing sacrifice based on an ideal of sportsmanship, an adherence to the rules of the game even in adversity; there is about it nothing of bedraggled sentimentality. Even though in the end, Mrs. Norris all too often rewards them with rather sizeable circumstantial plums, their own integrity remains unimpaired.

These heroines are perhaps Mrs. Norris's response to the gauntlet thrown down by our much press-agented younger generation. It is a positive response in the face of a general negative attitude. This is a deliberate choice with Mrs. Norris; she is far from ignoring, and farther from denying, the orgiastic tendency abroad in the land; it is merely that her interest and hence her emphasis lies elsewhere. If in this fiction there is a plea for a simpler and saner life with an acceptance of responsibilities as well as of pleasures (and Mrs. Norris's articles in magazines and newspapers lend color to the theory) any didacticism that there may be is implied rather than expressed and always as in "Barberry Bush" the story is the thing.

Government

THE ORIGIN OF THE STATE. By R. W. LOWIE. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $1.50.

It is unnecessary to say that whatever Professor Lowie writes is of the first importance to students of the social sciences; certainly the present volume is no exception to this rule. Within little over a hundred

(*Continued on next page*)

LEWIS BROWNE'S NEW BIOGRAPHY

Over 30,000 copies first week

"AN acutely penetrating biography of one of the most difficult, fascinating personalities in literature. Recreates Heine and his day with understanding and sympathy."
—*Phila. Public Ledger*

"A valuable addition to that regrettably small group of works in the English language concerned with Heine. Indeed, it is the only adequate biography in English."
—*New York Herald Tribune*

"AN amazingly readable book. There was ready need for such a volume, as the small number of Heine biographies in English are entirely out of date. *That Man Heine* is by long odds the most adequate work of its kind that has yet been published in this country."
—*New York Sun*

THAT MAN HEINE

By the Author of This Believing World *In Collaboration with Elsa Weihl*

At your bookstore $3.00

The Macmillan Company
New York Boston Chicago Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WAITING LIST WAS LARGER

Last week we told you of the waiting list of readers who had inquired about the publication of THE GREAT BEAR. It was larger than even we expected. A second large edition had to be ordered before publication. Better get your copy at once.

THE GREAT BEAR

by Lester Cohen

Author of

SWEEPINGS

SECOND LARGE EDITION BEFORE PUBLICATION

At all booksellers $2.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

Out of Russia—in search of Eldorado. What has New York in store for this proud, courageous, hopeful, little group?

The Royal Cravatts

by Lillian Rogers

"Only once in a very long while do we discover a novel which treats of life from a new angle—that transfigures it with imagination. Such a book is 'The Royal Cravatts'."—*Boston Transcript.*

"One of the most noteworthy first novels by an American author we have read in the current year."—*N. Y. Sun.*

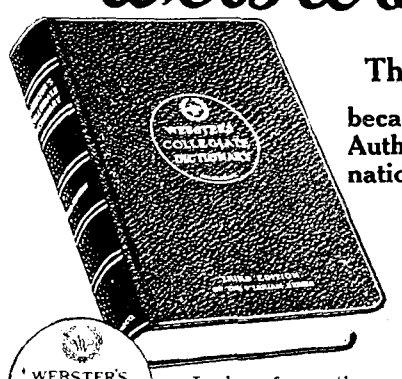
At All Bookstores $2.50

IVES WASHBURN, INC., *Publisher,* NEW YORK

No More Uncertainty

over exact definitions or pronunciation of words; over the identity of historic characters; over questions of geography; over points of grammar, spelling, punctuation, or English usage. **A Great Field of Knowledge** is covered with answers to a surprising variety of questions. What is the meaning of **aviette?** —the pronunciation of **liaison?**—the *location* of **Kenya?**—*the identity* of **Fabre?** These are typical of thousands of questions fully answered. Look your questions up in

Webster's Collegiate



The Best Abridged Dictionary

because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"—Webster's New International Dictionary.

106,000 entries with definitions, spellings, pronunciations, and use of words; a dictionary of **biography**; a **Gazetteer**; a guide to rules of **punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations,** etc.; a dictionary of **foreign phrases** with pronunciation and translations. Many other features of practical value. It is an excellent book of 1,256 pages with 1,700 illustrations.

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention this paper.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Look for the **Merriam Circular Trade-Mark**—sign of highest scholarship and accuracy.

The thin paper edition is especially handsome and convenient. Art Canvas binding, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.

When buying, insist upon a "MERRIAM WEBSTER"

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY - Springfield, Mass.

The New Books

Government

(*Continued from preceding page*)

pages, he discusses a problem of quite primary importance with that easy mastery of the facts, and that fairness in the face of difficulties, which characterize his work. Broadly, we think, his analysis may be said to lead to three great conclusions. First, the evidence is against the notion that the origins of the state must be traced through a uniform series of stages; the history is multilinear and irregular. Secondly the presence of what may be called a public opinion suggests everywhere the existence of that brooding omnipresence we call the state. Thirdly that public opinion translates itself, even in primitive societies, into a coercive force which exercises coercive power; and, in a discussion of quite special importance, Professor Lowie suggests that this coercive power, which he terms sovereignty, is the chief factor in securing that territorial unity which we today recognize as the main element in statehood.

No one who, like the present reviewer, is not an anthropologist is justified in doing more than noting Professor Lowie's conclusion and hoping for its ample discussion by the experts. But we may perhaps be permitted to say that the general result, if accepted, would make much clear in the discussions of political science which is yet far from obvious. In particular, it will be of quite primary importance if Professor Lowie is right in his assumption that territorial organization, of a state-kind, cannot be produced from the activity of associations. That would help the view, which is an urgent part of the pluralist theory of the state, that unified sovereignty is necessary where the maintenance of order is administratively difficult; but that it ceases to have the same force when such a primitive stage is passed. And it would then follow that, granted the thesis of maintained order, the degree of associational activity in a community is the measure of liberty which obtains. We cannot here, of course, attempt to develop the hints which Professor Lowie throws out, and the relevance they seem to us to have for kindred studies. It must suffice to say that all who read his essay will have cause to reecho our gratitude.

History

A HISTORY OF EUROPE. By I. L. PLUNKET and R. B. MOWAT. Oxford University Press. 1927. $3.

The authors of this volume of 800 pages are both experienced historians. They have attempted to portray Europe as a whole, to give a consecutive account of a continent which, though made up of many nationalities and states, yet has had a unity of civilization. While their object is made difficult of attainment by the rise of national feeling and individualistic national development, yet on the whole they have been successful.

The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with Europe in the Middle Ages, the second with Europe and the Modern World. The dividing line between the two is put at 1494 when the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII put an end to the fiction of Italian hegemony. The second half of the book necessarily includes a great deal of material about the opening of the New World and subsequent relations between it and the mother continent.

The value of such a work as this depends on the choice of material and on the method of presentation. While there is little original in the book, and while it is what may be called a "clipping job," it should not be condemned on this account. It is written most interestingly and the quotations from contemporaries and authorities are almost invariably well chosen and apt. The many illustrations and maps help to enliven the text, and the price is exceedingly moderate for the size and content of the book. At the end of each half of the volume there is a chronological summary, geneological tables, and a somewhat brief and perfunctory bibliography. Those who are interested in obtaining a "high-light" treatment of European history will find it amply worth their while to purchase this volume. Perhaps its principal fault as a textbook is that it is too interesting.

EGYPT. By GEORGE YOUNG. Scribners. 1927. $5.

It is most instructive to compare the development of Nationalism in Egypt with similar movements in China, India, and Turkey. One of the principal causes in all four is the impact of Occidental industrial civilization upon more primitive industrial systems, with both destructive and constructive results. This volume in the "Modern World" series covers the period from Napoleon's "Battle of the Pyramids" to 1926, giving enough detail for most readers in a surprisingly compact form, but with special emphasis on the changes effected by the British administration of Egypt, and on the "Nationalist Renascence" under Zaglul.

Some of the most interesting chapters deal with the conquest of the Sudan, its loss to the Mahdi after the death of General Gordon, its reconquest by General Kitchener, and the problems which have arisen since the cancellation of the British Protectorate over Egypt, due to the desire of the Egyptian Government to control the Nile floods with the dam in the Sudan, while the British believe it important to use part of the water for irrigating the cotton growing regions of the Gezireh. This is one of the few districts where cotton can be grown to assist in making the British mills less dependent upon the American product.

The principal value of the book, however, lies in the accurate account of the reasons which led the British to withdraw the complete control which they had exercised since 1882, and of the causes which turned the fellahin farmers against the British, in spite of all the benefits of past just and efficient government. Such adequate explanations are rarely given in the literature of the "Great War." The suggestions for the ultimate solution of the problems of the conflicting interests of the two countries deserve study.

The style is extremely readable and the necessary historical narrative is enlivened with illustrative anecdotes and explanations.

THE HAYES-TILDEN ELECTION. By PAUL LELAND HAWORTH. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $3.

This new edition of a book which first appeared more than twenty years ago is a well-merited tribute to a thorough and impartial study of a highly complicated episode, the most bitterly contested event in our history. Mr. Haworth's conclusion is that "all things considered, it appears that both legally and ethically the decision" of the Electoral Commission in favor of the Hayes electors "was the proper one." The concise justification for this concluusion is that "while Hayes was undoubtedly the beneficiary of fraud, Tilden would just as truly have been the beneficiary of violence and murder." The chapters in which the detailed story of the proceedings in Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina is told supply the evidence by which the reader may judge the correctness of this verdict. Oregon was in a different category, the dispute over that state being concerned not with the casting or the counting of the votes but solely with the eligibility of an elector and with happenings growing out of that question. Mr. Haworth's account is extended to cover the "adjustment" in the South following Hayes's inauguration, with the recall of Federal troops and the consequent triumph of the Democrats in the states affected. His chapters, while analytical, are essentially dramatic.

THIS GENERATION, A HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Vol. I. 1900-1914. By THOMAS COX MEECH. Dutton. 1927. $5.

Writing contemporary history by contemporaries has always been a favorite literary pastime. Croce says all history should be contemporary history, meaning that we have no right to pass moral judgments on the past but must regard it our duty to chronicle events. Nevertheless, even historians have points of view if only in the choice of incidents and the award of emphasis. Mr. Meech is the London editor of a group of British provincial newspapers. As such his point of view is essentially parliamentary, for attention to politics absorbs much of the time of a British London editor. His effort to summarize events during the first fourteen years of the present century, therefore, is based on the way parliamentary proceedings appear to Fleet Street.

Even the sinking of the *Titanic*, with its pre-war warning to man that science was still fallible, is treated by Mr. Meech solely in terms of the announcement of the disaster in the House of Commons. Mr. Meech shows how powerfully the mother of parliaments affects the British mind, as well it might, for it is the creation of many centuries of experiments in freedom by Britons. For the British Empire, therefore, Mr. Meech's parliamentary manner must have a strong appeal. For those, too, who, dwelling elsewhere, have a special interest in British ways of thought or who desire an aid to memory concerning the flow of events, consequential and inconsequential, that preceded the World War, Mr. Meech's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSIA

Revealed in Two Important New Books

THE CATASTROPHE
by
ALEXANDER F. KERENSKY

A complete history of the first phase of the Russian Revolution as seen by its most outstanding figure. Filled with personal anecdotes and rich in character sketches of Russian leaders. $3.00

THE TRAGIC BRIDE
By V. POLIAKOFF

The story of Alexandria, the tragic bride of Nicholas II, last Emperor of Russia, by an intimate of her court who has had access to much private material. Illustrated. $3.00

These are Appleton Books

THE EARTH And Its Rhythms

By CHARLES SCHUCHERT and CLARA M. LeVENE

A popular presentation of geology. With many illustrations.

$4.00 This is an Appleton Book

The Appleton Book of Short Plays
(SECOND SERIES)
Edited by
KENYON NICHOLSON

A splendid collection, suitable for reading or amateur production. $2.50

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street, New York

P. G. WODEHOUSE

offers his most amusing novels

Carry On, Jeeves

¶ Uproarious tale of Jeeves, the servant supreme, who never failed in a pinch.

The Small Bachelor

¶ "—the grandest light humorous novel that has occurred since the last one by the same author."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

EACH, TWO DOLLARS

DORAN BOOKS

WHERE WAS JESUS
between the ages of 12 AND 30

What was He doing
Whence came Christianity
?

Read
THE GREAT MESSAGE
A NEW BOOK
by IK

Author of "The Great Psychological Crime"."The Great Work" "The Great Known".

PIONEER PRESS
Hollywood, California

$3. *at all Bookstores...*

book wil have some interest. His style is rather that of the British journalist and his newspaper writings may well have served as the basis for his book. He is cautious in pronouncing judgments, like the true London editor, who in this respect is an unconscious follower of Croce. There are several old cartoons from *Punch* in the book, as interesting now as then, and Mr. Meech would have given his readers added pleasure by including more of them.

ISRAEL IN WORLD HISTORY. By *A. W. F. Blunt.* Oxford. $1.

THE JESUIT ENIGMA. By *E. Boyd Barrett.* Boni & Liveright. $4.

MARCHING WITH SHERMAN. By *Henry Hitchcock.* Yale University Press. $4.

Juvenile

SARAH'S DAKIN. By MABEL L. ROBINSON. Dutton. 1927. $2.

An energetic thirteen-year-old girl on a Maine farm, her resourceful father and her inseparable companion, the dog Dakin, are the chief characters in this new book by Mabel L. Robinson. Dakin is a remarkable dog who enters with gusto into all his young mistress's adventures. The story is well written and its cheerful realism is the sort that will always make a strong appeal to parents and teachers as especially appropriate reading for growing girls. And the girls themselves will undoubtedly like it, though it is built on no very unusual formula, being one of the good old-fashioned sort in which the heroine's loyalty and hard work are rewarded handsomely in the end by her being given a chance to go to New York and study with one of the best music teachers. A moderately successful and pleasant addition to the Louisa M. Alcott school.

TO AND AGAIN. By WALTER R. BROOKS. Knopf. 1927. $2.

This story of a group of discontented animals who set off from a barnyard to see the world and who after adventures manifold finally return laden with hard earned gold to bestow on their old master, has much spirit and originality. If at times the talk of the animals palls somewhat upon the adult reader it probably will not upon the younger ones for whom it has been written. This is the sort of story that sets out determinedly to be different and never misses an opportunity to be fanciful and funny. But it falls pretty far below the best when one compares it with Dr. Dolittle and his quaintly sincere drolleries, or with the natural fun and charm of "The Wind in the Willows." It is one of those books that should have been so much better it is hard to be quite fair with it as it is. The many strange pictures by Adolfo Best-Maugard seem a trifle too sophisticated and consciously "designed" to please youngsters, but the jacket design is rather pleasant in a Mad-Hatterish way.

JOLLY GOOD TIMES. By MARY P. WELLS SMITH. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

It is more than fifty years since this book appeared in a juvenile series and so well has it stood the test of time that it is being reissued in a slightly modernized format. Nothing could be more simple and wholesome and in a sense more removed from all the contraptions and complications of present day life than this little tale of the everyday doings of a group of country children. Ted and Millie and Roy and Lois and the rest, work and play, go berrying, explore small islands on familiar rivers and celebrate their holidays in anything but a thrilling or original way. But there is reality about them all and a joyous sense of life and natural high spirits which it must be hard for even the most sophisticated young readers of today to resist. After all, discovering islands, picnicing, planning parties, and celebrating holidays must always be the stuff of which childhood experience is made. The fact that children take their excursions by motor rather than by farm wagon or coach; that their lives are a trifle more complicated by movies, telephones, and radios, seems to matter very little so long as the infectious spirit is there. In fact so long as the author enjoys writing the tale himself there will always be children to listen. It was a happy venture of the publisher to reissue so friendly and spontaneous an account of young doings in a New England village of the day before yesterday.

THE BOY'S LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By HELEN NICOLAY. Century. 1927. $2.

A straightforward account of the romantic career of one of our most influential statesmen, Miss Nicolay's story depends for its interest upon the inherent importance and appeal of the events it relates. There is a refreshing restraint in her narrative which is especially appropriate for a biography of Hamilton. Yet this does not mean a flattening out of the adventurous turns in his life. On the contrary, these are emphasized as they should be. In Miss Nicolay's pages Hamilton stands out as the precocious, capable, gracious, and dauntless figure in either war or peace which every American boy should know him to be.

SKITTER CAT AND MAJOR. By ELEANOR YOUMANS. Illustrated by RUTH BENNETT. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $1.50.

PRANCING PAT. By HELEN FULLER ORTON. Illustrated by MAURICE DAY. Stokes. 1927. $1.25.

These are both small books about animal pets, for children up to about eight or ten, the authors being already known for others of the same kind or (in the case of "Skitter Cat and Major") on the same subject. This latter recounts a succession of happenings to the two cat-and-dog friends in a family which might be that of any of the child readers, with the adventures and the friendly coöperation of the two animals sustaining amusement and interest. "Prancing Pat" has more of a developed plot, a faint and far suggestion of a miniature "Black Beauty" in the first half, and at the end the satisfactory return of the pet horse to his own family by his own unexpected devices. Both books are written in a direct, simple style and attractively illustrated. "Prancing Pat" is the shorter and simpler and with its large clear type will undoubtedly be given to younger children to read to themselves.

FLOWER FAIRIES. By CICELY MARY BARKER. Macmillan. 1927. 3 vols. 60 cents each.

Miss Barker initiates young readers into the manners and mysteries of flower life throughout three seasons. Her really valuable subject matter is given through the medium of good verse, which, together with the colored illustrations of flowers, flowering shrubs and trees, makes of these small-books a desirable addition to the nature study section of the children's library. The set is composed of three volumes, dealing with the Flower Fairies of Spring, of Summer and of Autumn.

CHARLIE AND HIS FRIENDS. By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL. Macmillan. 1927. $1.

The younger children are learning to welcome another "Charlie" book with great joy and it is a pleasure to report "Charlie and His Friends" as quite up to the rest, if not even better. These stories are real life as the seven-year-old would like to have it, and as it might possibly exist in prosperous kind-hearted America. All the grown-ups and children act from the best of motives and even the dog is reformed from such mischief as chasing cows by being merely put on leash for a while. An interesting contrast to the crime and punishment of children which filled the old-fashioned juveniles! To have achieved this psychologically correct optimism in clear English without sentimentality and with enough realistic incident to make the plot absorbing for the age for which it is intended, seems to us to make the book a veritable younger children's classic.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS BOOK. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Doran. 1927. $1.25.

A brief miscellany of verse and prose all by this well-known English writer for children and all concerning Christmas. The book is not distinguished, but it would make an agreeable Christmas offering to some child in lieu of an expensive card. The ten scissor cuts by L. Hummel that decorate it are most charming silhouettes.

A LITTLE BOOK OF DAYS. By RACHEL FIELD. Doubleday, Page. 1927. 75 cents.

A series of verses and pictures in a tiny book showing and describing children's favorite holidays. The pictures are in color, the verses, at their best, on this order:

Pink and white arbutus
In a basket gay,
Hang it on your neighbor's door
The first night of May.

THE CAT AND THE CAPTAIN. By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH. Macmillan. 1927. $1.

This is a small book for six- to eight-year-olds in Macmillan's "The Little Library." Miss Coatsworth is one of the most interesting of our younger women poets. And even in her poetry her fond-

(Continued on next page)

5 ABSORBING BOOKS

CRUDE

A novel by Robert Hyde

A dramatic and understanding story of youth and oil in Southern California. . $2.50

+

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

By Felix Hollaender

The novel on which the Emil Jannings film *Variety* was based. $2.50

+

MOTHER GOOSE FOR ANTIQUE COLLECTORS

By Alice Van Leer Carrick and Kenneth Robinson

For collectors and their suffering families. . . $2.00

+

THE AFRICAN SAGA

By Blaise Cendrars

African mythology, folklore and fireside tales. The wealth of a continent. . . $5.00

+

DOLLS

By Esther Singleton

Their quaint and romantic history. With illustrations in half tone and color. . $7.50

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD / N. Y.

SHORT STORIES

by writers who have put into effect suggestions made by JOHN GALLISHAW are regularly appearing in the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, American, McClure's, Danger Trail, and other well known magazines.

Beginning at once, Mr. Gallishaw will hold weekly meetings for a group limited to twenty mature people sincerely interested in writing the short story professionally.

For catalogue, address

The Principal
The John Gallishaw School for Creative Writing
36 East 40th Street, New York City

The Selected Poems of
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

¶ From the portfolio of one of America's foremost poets is selected his most brilliant and appealing verse. . . . . .

MAN POSSESSED

Just Out $2.50

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ness for felines is evident. Here she has told with great charm for youngsters the story of "the biggest, blackest, bravest cat that ever lived." And her delicious poem, "The Bad Kittens," is included. Need one say more—save that the illustrations and decorations by Gertrude Kaye delightfully supplement the story?

THE SKIN HORSE. By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO. Illustrated by PAMELA BIANCO. Doran. 1927. $1.50.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY. By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO. Picture by LEON UNDERWOOD. Doran. 1927. $3.

A big fat book and a little thin one by the author of "Checko" prove to have quality in inverse ratio to their size.

The little thin one is very prettily gotten up with designs and cover by Mrs. Bianco's gifted daughter Pamela. It relates the tale of a skin horse which had been handed down from one child to another in a family until all were grown up and then sent to a hospital to become the favorite of a very sick little child. The child's dearest wish is that the horse will one day take him on a journey round the world and in the end the animal does turn into a kind of angel-horse and bears the little patient away from his pain. It is all very delicately and sympathetically done and the illustrations have exactly caught the delicate, imaginative mood, making a charming whole.

When we turn to the big book, however, we are disappointed. It is a nonsense story about a doll who is rescued from a balcony by an acrobatic aviator and carried through a host of rather disconnected adventures with animals and things similar to the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland"—so similar in atmosphere and style of conversation indeed that one must suspect Mrs. Bianco's subconsciousness of playing her tricks. While there are amusing situations, this book misses the wit and fine character-drawing of the Alice books, and while it may appeal to certain children we think their elders will not back them up. The illustrations, too, attempt a futurist style which is too confused for children.

THE PIONEER TWINS. By *Lucy Fitch Perkins*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

I KNOW A SECRET. By *Christopher Morley*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

NUMBER FIVE JOY STREET. Appleton. $2.50.

TALES OF THE MAYFLOWER CHILDREN. By *Pauline Carrington Bouvé*. Marshall Jones. $2.

HURRICANE HARBOR. By *Helen von Kolnitz Hyer*. Marshall Jones. $1.75.

DEEDLAH'S WONDERFUL YEAR. By *Hildegarde Hawthorne*. Appleton. $1.75.

DORIS DECIDES. By Gladys Blake. $1.75.

ALI BABA AND OTHER PLAYS. By *Helen Haiman Joseph*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE BOY KNIGHT OF REIMS. By *Eloise Lownsbery*. Houghton Mifflin.

DIANA'S ROSE BUSH. By *Elisa Orne White*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

PAUL OF FRANCE. By *Clarence Stratton*. Macmillan. $2.

TREASURE ISLAND. By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. Doran. $5.

THE TIGER WHO WALKS ALONE. By *Constance Lindsay Skinner*. Macmillan. $1.75.

RANN BRADEN, CIRCUS SHOWMAN. By *Rex Lee*. Doubleday, Page. $1.75 net.

CIVILIZING CRICKET. By *Forrestine C. Hooker*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

AMERICAN BOY SEA STORIES. Selected by *Griffin Ogden Ellis*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

THE LEGAL STATUS OF AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION. By EDWIN G. NOURSE. Macmillan. 1927. $3.

The first American statute authorizing coöperative associations in general was passed in Michigan in 1865. Today every state except Delaware has at least one law on the subject. Intended originally to apply chiefly to the maintenance of stores by associations of mechanics and laboring men, the coöperative movement has become dominantly agricultural and, in contrast to European practice, concerns itself primarily with selling rather than buying.

The evolution of the movement in this country is traced by Professor Nourse, with special emphasis on the legal recognition of the economic principles and purposes underlying coöperation. The various types of coöperative organization, the member contracts used, Federal and state statutes, decisions in both law and equity cases, the use of the injunction, and other legal matters are discussed, with ample illustration. A number of statutes are reprinted in full.

The author rightly warns against the development of coöperative institutions on the basis of class legislation applicable only to agriculture. Coöperation should instead, he holds, be made available to all economic groups that can use it effectively. Any business which lends itself to monopoly will continue to make use of ordinary corporate organization, and the coöperative plan is therefore not a potential menace to the economic interests of the general public.

GEORGE SAND

The Search for Love

By MARIE JENNEY HOWE

A new biography of that extraordinary woman who lived by standards a century ahead of her time. Her career as lover, as woman of genius, and as pioneer of feminine freedom, is fully treated in a book which promises to reverse the conventional judgment of George Sand. Illustrated, $5.00

SHOW WINDOW

By ELMER DAVIS

"Deplorably unorthodox" opinions and portraits by a gifted satirist. $2.50

The Man Who Was Born Again

By PAUL BUSSON

"A thriller of the first order."—*Conrad Aiken in the New York Evening Post.* $2.50

The White Man's Dilemma

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

A survey of the climax of the age of imperialism. $2.50

COUNTERPOINT

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

A modern answer to the question: Can two people achieve happiness after each has broken the marriage conventions? $2.50

THE LAST DEVIL

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

Romance and black magic in one of the lost places of the earth. $2.00

WILD

By CAROL DENNY HILL

Lighthearted candor from the younger generation. Second printing. $2.00

At all bookstores

Publishers THE JOHN DAY COMPANY *New York*

Poetry

SPORTING VERSE. By ADAM LINDSAY GORDON. Illustrated in color by LIONEL EDWARDS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $5.

The great popularity of Lionel Edwards as an illustrator of sporting books, which was first demonstrated in his charming colored plates for the three volumes of Will H. Ogilvie's hunting poems, encouraged the publishers of these volumes to issue Whyte-Melville's "Sporting Songs and Verses" and Egerton Warburton's "Hunting Songs" in the same form, enriched also by Mr. Edwards's delightful plates. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that the series should be rounded out by the inclusion of Adam Lindsay Gordon's verses, for despite the undercurrent of sadness and bitterness which runs through his work, he will always be recognized as the poet laureate of the hunting field.

It is scarcely necessary here to praise the verse of the author of "How We Beat the Favorite," "The Sick Stockrider," or "The Roll of the Kettledrum," nor is it the time or place to discuss the misspent life and tragic death of poor Gordon, whose statue stands in a public square at Melbourne and who lives in the hearts of all Australia and of hunting men the world over. In Gordon's own words:

For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

It only remains for the lover of sporting verse to express his appreciation of the inclusion of Gordon's verse in this delightful series, for not only are Lionel Edwards' sketches charming from an artistic point of view but he is one of the very few illustrators who really knows horses.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON. By *Nicholas Breton*. New York: Spiral Press.

THE WORLD'S FAMOUS SHORT POEMS. Compiled by *James Gilchrist Lawson*. Harpers. $2.50.

CAROLING DUSK. By *Countee Cullen*. Harpers. $2.50.

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE AND OTHER POEMS. By *Alfred Noyes*. Stokes. $1.50.

THE EVERGREEN TREE. By *Kathleen Millay*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

LOVE'S HIGH WAY. Selected by *Mrs. Waldo Richards*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE NIGHT EXPRESS. By *Arthur Crew Inman*. Dutton. $2.

OUTSIDE EDEN. By *Gertrude Nason Carver*. Dorrance.

A WORLD TOO OLD. By *Ramon Guthrie*. Doran. $1.50.

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE AND OTHER POEMS. By *Norma Paul Ruedi*. Avondale Press.

LITTLE HENRIETTA. By *Lizette Woodworth Reese*. Doran. $1.50 net.

GREEN OF THE YEAR. By *Violet Alleyn Storey*. Appleton. $1.50.

WANDERING CRIES. By *Helenjoy Kimball*. Vinal.

Travel

TRAVELS IN TARTARY. By *Evariste Régis Huc*. Edited by H. d'Ardenne de Tizac. Translated by W. Hazlitt. Knopf. $3.

PLEASANT DAYS IN SPAIN. By *Nancy Cox-McCormack*. Sears. $3.50.

UNDER SAIL IN THE FROZEN NORTH. By *Commander F. A. Worsley*. McKay.

PASSENGER TO TEHERAN. By *V. Sackville West*. Doran. $4.

A VAGABOND IN FIJI. By *Harry L. Foster*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

A WAYFARER OF THE SEINE. By *E. I. Robson*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

CLEARED FOR STRANGE PORTS. By *Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Richard Derby*, and *Kermit Roosevelt*. Scribners. $3.50.

ISLANDS OF QUEEN WILHELMINA. By *Violet Clifton*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

ALONE IN THE CARIBBEAN. By *Frederick A. Fenger*. Doran. $3 net.

LADIES THIRD. By *Mary Lena Wilson*. Duffield. $2.50.

THE FURTHER SIDE OF SILENCE. By *Sir Hugh Clifford*. Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

IN ASHANTI AND BEYOND. By *A. W. Cardinall*. Lippincott.

THE MERCHANT OF THE MURISTAN. By *Madeleine Sweeney Miller*. Abingdon. $3.50.

Brief Mention

A VARIED assortment of prose is upon our especial shelf this week. The first few books we shall mention may be roughly classified under the heading Travel. *J. R. Grey* and *B. B. Grey* have given, in "South Sea Settlers" (Holt. $3.50) a frank and interesting account of the attempt of a young couple to set up housekeeping on a South Sea Island. *Martin Hurlimann's* "Picturesque France" (Brentano's $2) bears an introduction by *Paul Valéry*. It contains beautiful and well-selected photographs with few of the conventional order. The book is printed in Switzerland and is an excellent example of the best Continental work of this kind. Valéry's introduction is a pointed analysis of French characteristics. Somewhat cognate are "In and About Paris," by *Sisley Huddleston* (Doran), a discursive guide to Paris in essay form, with good illustrations, and "In Praise of France," by *Stephen Gwynn* (Houghton, Mifflin. $3.50), a pleasant book, useful to the traveler in France, especially the hungry one, for it is rich in gastronomic information. This is not a guide-book so much as a running commentary on towns and regions the author knows well. Turning from France to other regions, we have "Cape to Cairo," by *Stella Court Treatt* (Little, Brown. $5). This is a travel diary, mostly facts and events, with a minimum of mere description. It is good reading for the curious, but not of much general interest. *F. W. H. Migeod's* "A View of Sierra Leone" (Brentano's. $4.50) is made up of miscellaneous notes and details of a careful traveler's journey through the territory mentioned. It will prove useful for reference, though it is a travel book, not a history. "Two Vagabonds in Albania" by *Jan* and *Cora Gordon* (John Lane. $5) is copiously illustrated in color, half-tone, and line by the authors, who are also artists, and a half-Oriental European state rarely visited by tourists described in a fine informal style by these visitors to the Adriatic. Lastly, *Robert B. Ludy's* "Historic Hotels of the World" (Philadelphia: David McKay. $5) takes up such institutions both past and present and is a comprehensive work full of plenty of gossip and much useful information. From ancient inns we are carried all the way through history to the modern Commodore in New York and Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia. A particularly interesting chapter is upon "Early Resort Hotels in the United States." There is also a supplementary chapter on "Dickens' Hotels and Inns," and a complete index from which doubtless you will be able to locate comment upon your favorite caravanseries. Incidentally, we see that we have overlooked "A Wayfarer on the Seine," by *E. I. Robson* (Houghton Mifflin. $3). Please add this to the interesting books about France. Mr. Robson has given us before this "A Wayfarer in Provence" and "A Wayfarer on the Loire." In the present volume he takes one with him up the Seine from Le Havre to Caudebec, Jumieges, Rouen, and Paris, covers Paris as a port, and continues on to the source of the Seine. The front endpaper of his book is an excellent map, and the author's comments cogent and humorous, while the illustrations by *J. R. E. Howard* are exceptionally beautiful drawings.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has issued a "Handbook of the Classical Collection" by *Gisela M. A. Richter*, Litt.D. This is a new and enlarged edition of the original work. It is paper-bound and profusely illustrated. Miss Richter's comprehensive description of the treasures in the Classical rooms is full of interest. She ends with a survey of the Jewelry Room; which leads us to mention next a work of fiction by *Moysheh Oyved* (Henry Holt. $2) entitled "Gems and Life." Oyved's is a distinct type of Jewish writing. He is one of the world's largest dealers in quaint jewels, and, in the course of business, has met all sorts and conditions of men and women. A keen observer and a philosopher, he has here set down in brief stories many of the lights and shades of life as he has seen it. The little book deserves a niche of its own. How different is the career of *Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapin*, as revealed in "Pages from My Life" (Harpers. $5), revised and edited by *Katharine Wright!* The celebrated Russian artist sets forth a rich personal history. Greatly varied and full of color has been the great baritone's shifting background. To all music-lovers, and even to the layman, his biography will prove fascinating. Next a remarkable woman steps forward in *Flora Sandes's* record of her adventures 1916 to 1919 from Private to Captain in the Serbian Army. Her book is called "The Autobiography of a Woman Soldier" (Stokes. $3.50), and details a most remarkable record. She writes straightforwardly and without self-consciousness, and her service remains almost unique during the Great War. Here is a valuable human document. To close our list for this period, into another category falls *Alexander Johnston's* "Ten—and Out!" subtitled "The Complete Story of the Prize Ring in America," with a foreword by *Gene Tunney*. Ives Washburn is the publisher, the price of the book $3.50 net. The illustrated narrative is most interesting and should be an excellent work of reference for all sporting writers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A. W. J., Ozona, Tex., looks for material for story-telling pupils, in addition to the standard collections with which the group is equipped.

THIS fall has enriched our collections with an unusual number of beautiful volumes. "Canute Whistlewinks" (Longmans), for instance, is, so far as I know, the first set of stories in English from Zacharias Topelius, who is to Sweden and Finland what Andersen is to Denmark. These quaint tales are about Lapps and Finns and other Northern folk, with just enough strangeness in the setting to give them a romantic glow. To the collections of North American Indian stories may now be added a brilliant set of tales from South America, "The Magic Tooth," by Elsie Spicer Eels (Little, Brown); these are true folk-lore, interesting to a student as well as to a child, from the traditions of the Indians of Amazon. "Tewa Firelight Tales," by Ahlee James (Longmans), come from the pueblo of San Ildefonso; these too are authentic folk-lore, strange and often funny, and the illustrations by native Indian artists are reproduced in brilliant colors and without softening the naive outlines. "A Treasury of Tales for Little Folks" (Crowell) is made of familiar ones like Cinderella and is a family-book to be read aloud to pre-readers..

In "A Book of Princess Stories" (Dodd, Mead), Kathleen Adams and Frances Atchinson have carried out a brilliant idea; I wonder that no one had long ago gathered the princesses out of Grimm and Andersen and Andrew Lang, and put them together, it seems such a reasonable thing to do, seeing that most little girls hunt them out for themselves. Here are the Sleeping Beauty and her distant relative from the Back of the North Wind, "Little Daylight;" Minon-Minette, and several new ones that belong in this noble company. The book is fortunate in illustrations by Lois Lenski, whose delightful detail just fits this sort of narrative. I should think Lois Lenski's own book, "Skipping Village" (Stokes) would make story-telling material, though if I were using it it would be for some child just beginning to read with ease and still fascinated by pictures with any number of tiny but vivid figures. It is about a lovely little village with real children, and the effect of the pictures is like looking into a doll's house or through one of those delectable villages in miniature that spread their fascinations across every stationer's window in London. "Wonder Tales From Pirate Isles," by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Longmans), is a complete entertainment, a cycle of pirate and adventure stories from the East Indies, the Isles of Spice, and the China Sea; they are naturally exciting, and coloring is accurate. "Tales Worth Telling," by Charles J. Finger (Century), is a brilliant collection of exploits with marauders, supernatural beings, and creatures from many countries, unusually well told and illustrated in color. The tropics are especially well-represented. The tales are as told to him in many places. "The Lion-Hearted Kitten," by Peggy Bacon (Macmillan), is to be read aloud to little children who love domestic pets and visits to the Zoo; these animals sport in the jungle but are really domestic pets in romantic surroundings and talking. "A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales," by Caroline Emerson (Dutton), invests everyday city objects with fairy quality; a typewriter writes a story about the quick brown fox, a carpet-sweeper routs a puppy, the rooms of a house insist on changing about, and there is a false-alarm clock. (I have one of these and there is nothing fairylike about it at all when it goes off at inexplicable moments.) "Petersham's Hill," by Grace Taber Hallock (Dutton) is a continuous story, but the parts could be told separately; a little girl wants to get back of a hill that she knows only from this side, and one moonlight night manages to do so in company with Little Papa, a Quaker boy out of the past, who shows her fairies and lets her hear birds talking in the morning. "The Enchanted Road," by Edith Howes (Morrow), is meant to explain the coming of life to little children as soon as they begin to "ask questions." It is a romantic set of short stories about seeds, birds, insects, and at last a mother and her baby. There is a new set of Chinese stories by Arthur Bowie Chrisman, who won the Newbery Prize with his "Shen of the Sea" (Dutton). This is "The Wind that Wouldn't Blow" (Dutton), just as breezy, not too Chineezy, and with the same sort of silhouette pictures. For children there is nothing better than the old "Jolly Good Times," by Mary Wells Smith, (Little, Brown), and I am happy to see that it has been given a fine new edition. It takes place "north of Boston," and though the text does not warrant my placing it in Vermont, I do so because it has butternuts, maple-sugaring, a rag-carpet loom, and other matters for which I am at this moment somewhat homesick. The book is fifty years old, but so is almost everything in Vermont unless it's older, and yet everything convinces you, like this book, that it is young. "Christmas in Storyland," by Maud Van Buren and Katharine Bemis (Century), is a much-needed collection of modern stories about Christmas, appropriate for reading in schools, clubs and around the tree. I am asked for such a collection every year, and gladly refer inquirers in advance to the unhackneyed choices of these two ladies, one a librarian.

I find that a reply I had sent to someone who asked for a list of rapid-action novels was pied in process, and irrevocably lost. I do not recall the name of the inquirer, and the best I can do with the lost list is to assemble a new one from the books that have lately come in.

OF these the most rapid is "Coaster Captain," by James B. Connolly (Macy-Masius)—it whirled me from page to page. As might be expected from the author of "Out of Gloucester," it is a sea-story—or rather a story of a ship captain who falls among thieves on shore, rescues a woman and in the course of getting her out of danger takes part in the most realistic shipwreck of recent publication. The charm of the book, however, is in a warm sympathy that does not interfere with a strictly realistic treatment: that captain makes chivalry manifest.

I suppose "The Dragon of Pei-Ling," another Macy-Masius book, is meant to be even more thrilling than this; in it Herbert Ashury goes in the opposite direction from Methodism and reaches the Black Mass, demonic possession, goats that murder people with invisible ropes, and far more. Too much more indeed; one horror drives out another—and to be convincing on these subjects one must at least partially believe in them. See Montague Summers, for example. Houghton Mifflin has the bright idea of marking books of quick action with a red star; if this method of designation is further developed the task of a book-adviser will be considerably lightened and by casting his eye over a block of mauve decagons, green carnations, or other chromatic labels, he could choose the specimen best adapted to a client's need. The first of the Houghton Mifflin excitements is Roland Pertwee's "Gentlemen March?" a man who joins the Foreign Legion to get over falling in love with the daughter of a royal house, and uses the abilities there developed to save the young lady when through the Great War her family is cast out. "Vanneck," by Robert Grant (Dutton), has an Arabian horse-race for one of its high spots.

Louis Bromfield's "A Good Woman" (Stokes), keeps a reader with his eye to the page: to tell this plot in synopsis would give no idea of the tension that he manages to give to the situations. I believe that it has too good a plot to be as good a novel as "The Green Bay Tree," but then Mr. Bromfield will no doubt be cursed by comparisons with that until he begins to be middleaged. On the other hand, Charles Norris's "Zelda Marsh" (Dutton), is a curiously lifeless novel for one in which the heroine is almost continuously seduced. I see that Harcourt, Brace are bringing out "Knock Four Times," by Margaret Irwin, a novel for which I have the special affection that comes from having heard about it in advance. I know, for instance, how delightfully true the life in "Rainbow Road" is—a name far more accurate than the one it bears on the street signs, for the people who live there are all chasing pots of golden royalties. I heard about this at tea last summer with Miss Irwin in that charmed locality, and heard, too, the transparent secret of the prototype of the leading character. The speed of this list of stories is steadily slowing down: Miss Irwin's is mild compared to Mr. Connolly's.

(Continued on next page)

The life work of
Percy MacKaye
A beautiful memorial to his famous father and his generation.

EPOCH

THE LIFE OF STEELE MACKAYE

IN one of the most beautiful books printed in America, containing 396 reproductions from rare originals is told the story of a great and fascinating personality. Not only was MacKaye a supreme actor and playwright but an inventor whose devices helped to make the modern theater possible—a man who played a high part in the public movements of his time—so high a part that his life story becomes a history of his time and a clear light upon its art, its social movements, its outstanding men and women.

"He has written with amazing fullness and amazing frankness . . . a source book no future student of our stage can possibly ignore and no reader of American biography will wish to ignore."— Walter Prichard Eaton, *Theater Arts Monthly.*

At all booksellers. 2 vols., boxed. $10.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N.Y.
GOOD BOOKS

Philip the King

The epic of the defeat of the Armada in a new autographed edition of 375 copies, illustrated by Laurence Irving with twelve full-page drawings. $12.50.

Collected Works

Four volumes of plays and poetry. Each $3.00

A NEW PLAY
By
JOHN MASEFIELD
Tristan and Isolt

A NEW dramatic version of the story of Tristan and Isolt in which Masefield "exhibits their folly, their madness, their futility without mercy." A beautiful old story beautifully presented.

Price $2.00
Autographed edition $10.00

Midnight Folk

Fanciful adventures of a small boy in the fairy-land of Midnight.

Price $2.50
Autographed $7.50
At Your Bookstore

The Macmillan Company
60 Fifth Avenue New York

THE DEEPEST UNDERSTANDING OF PASSION TO BE FOUND IN THE WHOLE RANGE OF FICTION!

Remy de Gourmont's
first choice among his novels
Dream of a Woman

is becoming a first choice this season with America's readers of better fiction. *Translated by Lewis Galantière.*

SECOND LARGE EDITION
At all booksellers. $2.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N.Y.
GOOD BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have spring fever this autumn

AT a time when it is proper to be in sympathy with the fin de l'année spirit of the so-called dying season, autumn . . . we are acting in as sprightly a fashion as one with spring fever. We are ushering in new things. Never before have we assisted at the birth of so many interesting events. We refer, of course, to the NEW DEPARTMENTS in "The Saturday Review." The New Departments that have been appearing, one at a time in the last few weeks, now arrange themselves in a panorama. So much newness, so much life, so wide a diversity of interest and subject, that we believe now, as never before, "The Saturday Review" reveals its indispensability to those who care for literature.

THE WITS' WEEKLY is a lively one to start the parade; literary contests to test not only your wit but your knowledge and your creative ability . . . this new department has excited the widest interest. Hundreds have literally swamped Mr. Edward Davison, the conductor of the section, with contributions. And as THE WITS' WEEKLY begins paying prize money to the winners, the interest has become keener. Trust Mr. Davison to provide literary problems that will try the powers of those on Olympus . . . and yet those on Olympus haven't won any prizes as yet!

THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHOP will not, it is true, turn a child away . . . providing said child is precocious enough to enjoy seeing *Books for Children* reviewed as *Literature*, but the new department is primarily for Parents. Parents, after all, buy children's books. And parents, we think, believe that "Children are People" as the conductors of THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHOP state. Here books are not approached with any condescending or patronizing point of view. Those who review children's books here (and they are authorities) judge them by the same standards as they do other books. They can only think that children are individuals and decidedly not simple. Any effort to prove the contrary will be ably combated in this department.

THE PLAY OF THE WEEK is an innovation for *The Saturday Review*. Heretofore we have not entered the field of the drama. But when one thinks of it, all great plays of the past are between the covers of books, and have become an integral part of the world's literature. Mr. Oliver Sayler, able writer on the Russian Theatre and author of some dozen books on the drama, is reviewing New York plays from the script and the performance. It is his contention that no play which effects perfect union of the theatre and literature reads as well as it plays! He will try to prove this hypothesis. Certainly a novel one, and of great interest to students of literature as well as the theatre.

THE COMPLEAT COLLECTOR is for those interested in collecting fine and rare books. Emerson's adage that one should never read a book that is not a year old is the inscription on the pennant of old book collectors. Nevertheless, many beautiful and distinguished books are contemporary. Finely printed works from modern presses are ably reviewed and commented upon here by Carl Purington Rollins, Printer to Yale University and one of the leading typographers in America. Old and rare books will be discussed by George Parker Winship of the Widener Library at Harvard. Mr. Winship is a recognized authority in this field. THE COMPLEAT COLLECTOR is a meeting place for all collectors of books that are not of the moment.

MR. MOON'S NOTEBOOK is Mr. William Rose Benét's contribution to the parade of new features. It is intended to be, as we understand it, a genial and we hope somewhat caustic comment on men and literature. And the range of Mr. Benét's observations will be most elastic. Any subject under the sun that strikes his fancy he will write about.

THIS magazine is constantly alert. As a weekly review of life and letters, here and abroad, it is vitally necessary to Americans who think for themselves. The handbook of the intelligent who want to know what is being thought by the best minds and talked about by the most able commentators of the present scene is

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

But all the books on this list read quickly and beguile the time.

One day when a hot wave was rolling over London last summer, I came upon an elderly newspaper-seller whose stand was a soap-box wedged into a niche in a hoarding before unfinished buildings in roaring Oxford Street. Her *Evening Standards* were ready to the buyer's hand, but she was lost in a battered book, that she was reading through a thick single lens, held pitifully close to her one serviceable eye. She sold me my paper without looking off the page, and I could see the title. It was "The Thundering Herd." Somehow I have not felt so toplofty about that book since then.

"A Faithful Reader," Greenfield, Mass., has two boys, nine and twelve, most industrious readers, just now keenly interested in books of adventure and invention. "What we want for them is what I am sure other parents must be searching to find, books which place preeminently in life a keen sense of honor."

I SUPPOSE the most compelling and least understood type of honor is that which prevails among schoolboys, or rather, in and around the schoolroom. I find it the most interesting, at least, and that is why I read with such pleasure "The Big Row at Ranger's," an Eton story by Kent Carr (Harcourt, Brace). If our boys so enjoy "Tom Brown" this should not be out of the range of their sympathies: it is about older boys but there are little ones in it. In "The Book of Bravery," by Henry Lanier (Scribner), are gathered all the true stories first published in three volumes, told from the lives of men and women who had to conquer fear before they could do the deeds here set down. "Cowboy Hugh," by Walter Nichols (Macmillan), has a genuine modern problem of honor, quietly solved. The glory of a great name pervades "The Honor of Dunmore," by Hawthorne Daniel (Macmillan), an unusually good romance for boys that takes place in the time of Henry the Sixth, and that of a country is the motive power in "For the Glory of France," by Everett McNeil (Dutton), in which two boys come to America on Champlain's ship.

G. N. W., Port-au-Prince, Haiti, is giving a course in the local agricultural college to serve as introduction to other and more practical courses in Botany and Plant Pathology, Animal Husbandry and Veterinary Science, and Etymology. He desires to buy text-books in French, covering the nature of life, the protozoons, and the invertebrates. He says "The text of Newman of the University of Chicago is the best American example of what I prefer."

FOR ages between sixteen and nineteen, Perrin and Coupin's "Précis d'histoire naturelle," (Nathan), **Bonnier's "Biologie** vegetale, anatomie et physiologie," Caustier's "Histoire naturelle appliquée" and "Anatomie et physiologie animales et vegetales" (Vuibert), Colomb's "Biologie animale" and "Biologie vegetale" (Colin), Demousseau's "Anatomie et physiologie animales et vegetales" (Masson), and Mathieu's "Recueil de travaux pratiques d'histoire naturelle (Presses universitaires). All these are illustrated; they are chosen from the books included in the official French educational program for the year 1927-28. I am sending a longer list, with prices, by mail. Like Sherlock Holmes, I hate to give away a reputation for mysteriously knowing it all, but I assembled this list by writing to Burton Stevenson, director of the American Library in Paris, which I have learned is one of the best possible clearing-houses for such information. As other inquirers may have need for direct advice on scientific works or those large and beautifully illustrated books on art and archaeology in which the French excel, I must not keep this information to myself.

R. G. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks if two poems by Mary Siegrist, "The Sentinel" and one on Roosevelt, called, she thinks, "The Leader," are to be found in any collection.

BOTH "Sentinel" and "Roosevelt" are to be found in Mary Siegrist's volume of verse, "You That Come After," recently published by Harold Vinal, Ltd., New York City.

A. A., New York City, would like in the smallest possible compass the largest variety of short stories of worth, for studying by one who is himself writing short stories.

THE smallest compass into which I can condense these requirements is two volumes of not unwieldy size, though neither is small. Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber have edited and provided with valuable critical introductions "Great Stories of the World," chosen from the literatures of all periods and countries (McBride). Indeed, this one book might cover the whole field for this student, but I would add another volume of the same size and with, in addition, remarkably good bibliographies, "Representative American Short Stories," edited by Alexander Jessup (Allyn and Bacon). These books are little libraries; they save any amount of shelf-room. The other list asked for by A. A. will be sent by mail.

W. J. M., Moscow, Idaho, is interested in the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence and asks if there is a good one-volume edition of the letters. He wishes also recent discussions of the work of these two men.

The "Correspondence, 1834-1872" of Carlyle and Emerson is published in two volumes by Houghton Mifflin; the record is practically complete. The tremendous biography of Carlyle through which D. A. Wilson is shouldering his way has just reached its fourth volume: "Carlyle at the Zenith, 1848-1853" (Dutton). This is a curious blend of methods ancient and modern—ancient meaning before Strachey—and may be read by separate volumes beginning almost anywhere, though, of course, no Carlylean would take it any way but straight through. I did, however, begin in the middle and was caught up in the narrative at once. But in the meanwhile the reader should possess himself of Mary Agnes Hamilton's "Thomas Carlyle" (Viking), a spirited, short biography that is a model for anyone who wishes to rescue an author useful to today from the handicap of being considered out of date. One may read Mrs. Hamilton's book in less time than a novel, and get from it ideas that will apply to the present business of living.

A new biography of Emerson, by Robert M. Gray, is promised soon to come in the Murray Hill Biographies (Doran), the series that has just added Gorham Munson's "Robert Frost: A Study in Sensibility and Common Sense." Van Wyck Brooks's "Emerson and Others" (Dutton) is of this year, and this season's wide popularity of "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin) shows that he is still more of a part of American life than may have been realized by younger critics.

C. H. P., South Hadley, Mass., asks for a play, not a deep-dyed tragedy, scene in the British Isles, recent, preferably being played here now or promised for the coming season, for reading by a dramatic study circle. They say that something like "The White Headed Boy" would be just the thing.

SO does every reading-circle whose introduction to printed plays came through this charming book. The farcical comedy "Hay Fever," one of Noel Coward's most irresponsible waggeries, is published by Harpers and in paper by French: Harper also publishes his "Easy Virtue" and "The Vortex." The probability of the thin but entertaining "This Woman Business," by Benn Levy (Houghton Mifflin), and Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife" (Doran), does not stand up under the test of reading, but their dialogue is sparkling; the plays of A. A. Milne, especially those in "Three Plays" (Knopf), which includes "The Dover Road," do stand the cold light of print as well as they stood the footlights. "Berkeley Square," by John Balderston (Macmillan), is promised for production in this country this winter; it was a pronounced success of the last year in London, far above the average in technique, and with an underlying idea that gives a thoughtful reader much to chew on.

C. H. P., who lives in Blossoms Cottage, North Carolina, appropriately asks for a magazine on birds.

BIRD LIFE, published in New York City, is the magazine needed. "Bird Life" is also the title of a guide to the study of our native birds, a large book by Frank Chapman with many colored plates and text-drawings by Ernest Thompson Seton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Our Realistic Novel

WHEN the unprecedented popularity of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" enthroned realism as an acceptable mode of American fiction, the cry arose that certain powerful *advocati diaboli* had conspired against God and the righteous American citizenry to decry His powers and their works. Mr. Mencken, because of his critical support and prodding essays, became the focus of the bitterness of enraged espousers of the Victorian hush. Even today Dr. Fred Lewis Pattee still finds Mr. Mencken, because of Sinclair Lewis's "profound respect," the well-spring of our so-called immortal realism. The Menckenians and the writers for *The American Mercury* have drawn the enemy fire;—and pea-blowing criticism has not been the only weapon set up in the righteous forts. The mournful tone of the suppressors and pulpit Davids slaying Goliath but serve to render more widespread the notion that realistic writing sprang upon our times with the unheralded suddenness of an apocalyptic beast.

As a matter of fact, our realism came after a slow growth, indeed a meticulous evolution. Rebecca Harding Davis in 1861 published her grim short story, "Life in the Iron Mills," and other writers, too, occasionally produced a bit of Russian-like reality. But no one writer with the power of a Balzac or Tolstoy appears in America. No writer, indeed, could have hoped to succeed by working that vein. Optimism and national pride, aided and abetted by the absence of an international copyright law, forced our writers into sentimentalism and romance. After stirring years of service as a civil war officer, General Lew Wallace returned to his peaceful home to write "Ben Hur," not war stories to make vivid General Sherman's definition. No, the times were not ripe. And realism, though espoused by the French in 1855—the year of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"—found no place and no mention in America. The forces, gradually merging with and strengthening each other, which gave us realism are, generally speaking, three: first, the social, economic, and political changes in post civil war America; second, the native literary tendencies, as strengthened by, third, the foreign literary developments, especially those of France and Russia.

Mr. Allan Nevins has recently set forth in these columns an admirable survey of the social forces at play in America after 1865. The westward movement, with its concomitant agrarian problems; the growth of industry and the mechanizing and regimentation of our life to the tune of the factory whistle; the increasing dissatisfaction with the disparate distribution of wealth consequent upon the rapid growth of industrial fortunes through combination, trust, or monopoly; the growth of the labor movement and the demands for better working conditions, less working hours, and higher pay; the demand for sanitary, adequate, and comfortable homes; and the growing frequency of political corruption—these forces or movements or events brought a general discontent and stirred our theoretic Henry Georges to formulate melioristic social programs. Populism, socialism, and single tax drew thousands of adherents. A wave of reform movements broke over the nation. At the time they seemed too weak or too small to purify America, but today their success is written large in the achievements and platforms of our two principal parties. Meanwhile there have grown numerous other problems and, unfortunately, there are no powerful minorities to demand action. Out of these problems have grown the themes of our writers. Hamlin Garland's "Crumbling Idols," portraying the oppressed and suffering middlewestern frontiersman; Frank Norris's epic of wheat; Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," a document on the morals of our social system; Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," and his plans for "the Dead Hand;" Winston Churchill's protests against the gilded church and political bossism—to name only a few—all grew out of conscious and passionate dissatisfaction with America as it existed. The courage and the methods of these later writers, however, came from at home and abroad.

After the civil war the most popular form of fiction was the short story. The exigencies of magazine publication and the easy pirating of British novels by our publishers gave precedence in America to the short narrative form. From Bret Harte to O. Henry only a handful of our writers achieved a lasting success in the longer form. The newly developed magazines quite rigidly refused to serialize novels, and, following the lead of the *Atlantic*, demanded stories of local color in the manner of Bret Harte. Local color, a mild and surface realism, sprang quickly into full flower. Immediately were mirrored all the humorous or pathetic peculiarities, externalities, and surface lights of our sectional population. Character oddity, dialect, sentiment, quickly wrung pathos, and sweet romance were dominant. Psychological depth, fulness of portraiture, tragedy, and stark reality seldom appeared. And yet, although the cult of the local can easily be ridiculed, it stands, it seems to me, as the sponsor of the richer and deeper American portraiture of Henry James and William Dean Howells. Indeed, the easy transition from local color to realism can be traced in the work of Zona Gale, Helen R. Martin, and Ellen Glasgow. A study of the differences between "Friendship Village" and "Miss Lulu Bett" is revealing.

Henry James, the cosmopolitan, like Cooper after his European sojourn, saw America and Americans with sophisticated eyes, and his treatment of his countrymen in his early work was frank and disparaging. It was our lack of culture that James decried, and his romances of leisure are carefully fabricated mosaics of fact, not harsh and repulsive, but derogatory and often satiric. In his later psychological novels, "What Maisie Knew," for example, he went far beyond his earlier polite manner and recorded social unpleasantness with the scientific spirit of a modern. Both in theory and practice James insisted upon realism. His biography of Hawthorne interestingly attempts to make of "the rebellious puritan" a modern realist. In "The Art of Fiction" (1884) he wrote: "The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life." "The good health of an art which undertakes so immediately to reproduce life must demand that it be perfectly free." "A novel is in its broadest definition a personal, a direct impression of life."

Howells slowly grew into a firm faith in restrained realism, and both by precept and example pointed the way toward a frank critical appraisal of character and nation. Howells it must be remembered, was the most sensitive of men, and unlike most sons of the frontier he carried with him none of the moral and physical abandon which Lincoln and Mark Twain demonstrated. From European realists Howells learned the bitterness and sordidness of life, and, although their pictures unnerved him, they—especially Tolstoy—gave him the courage to assert his faith in a realism properly restricted and limited by moral considerations. It is the "young girl" for whom novelists must write, said Howells, and for her sake "seriousness" and "a scientific sort of decorum" were imperative. He became, therefore, a novelist of manners, an exhibitor of our esthetic and intellectual poverty, our search for comfort while retaining childish mentalities, our awe of the best people, and our smugness and limitations resulting from the blind acceptance of institutions and tradition.

Whatever we may think of the tameness of Howells and James, they did spread the gospel of realism and they encouraged numerous young writers to be faithful to their vision and experience. The great strength of our contemporary novel, it is evident, is directly the result of the wisdom, fine sense of craftsmanship, esthetic idealism, and, above all else, the painstaking friendship they gave unstintedly to the young writers who sought their counsel.

Hamlin Garland, at first slightly hesitant to join the realists, announced himself a veritist. Following the lead of Edward Eggleston, he determined to tell the truth about the life of the middle western farmer. Veritism to him was not a fad or method; it was another name for the truth, and only the truth would he tell. His notable "A Son of the Middle Border" recounts vividly his reasons for discarding romance; the dedication of "Main Traveled Roads," however, indicates sufficiently his early temper: "To my father and mother, whose half century of pilgrimage on the main-traveled road of life has brought them only pain and weariness, these stories are dedicated." It was a polemic attitude which motivated Garland and our early twentieth century realists. The evils of life were to be destroyed, and the novel was the sword capable of slaying the dragon.

It is sometimes asserted that contemporary American fiction is descended from France and Russia and not from America. The foregoing paragraphs should serve to indicate the unitary nature of American realistic fiction, and should indicate that our writers were grappling with the problem of securing an adequate national literature. And yet at every turn the development of our fiction was guided by European manners. Harte learned his craft from Dickens; James frankly avowed that Balzac is "the father of us all;" Howells admitted Tolstoy was his great teacher; Frank Norris aped Zola; Jack London became our Gorki; and Dreiser affirms that his reading of Balzac in a Pittsburgh library set the course of his life and the manner of his writing. Our contemporary experiments, "stream of consciousness" deriving, not ultimately, from Joyce's "Ulysses," and the staccato pictures of Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer" deriving from the 1880 French *tranche de vie*, frankly come from over the water.

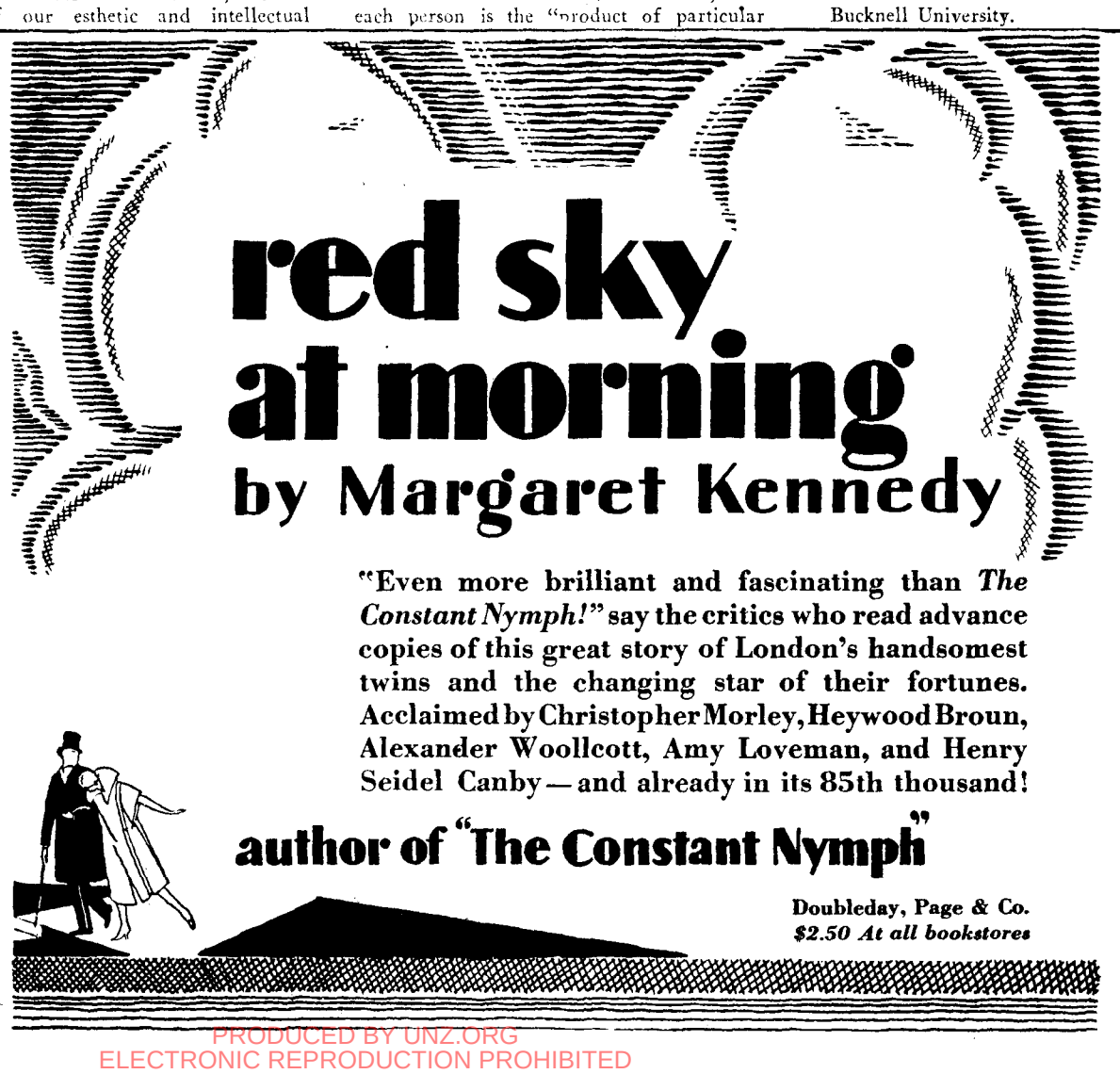
It is not possible here to set forth fully the more evident broad borrowings from Europe. The brief suggestions which follow can easily be expanded into a shelf of dissertations, and no doubt some of them will shortly appear. Of all the European realists Balzac stands as the most influential, and much of present day fiction can be traced in theme and design to his "Comédie Humaine." He first demonstrated the thesis that environment influences character, that each person is the "product of particular material and social conditions." The work of Dreiser, Anderson, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, Edith Wharton, Charles Norris, to name a half dozen only, derives in this sense from Balzac. Balzac's invention of the interlocking and reappearing character device became a stock convention of early twentieth century British and American fiction. Cabell, the most notable user of this device in America, may or may not have gone to school to Balzac. And Balzac's comprehensive pictures of an era or community are found revivified in "Winesburg, Ohio," "Main Street," "The Grandmothers," and Bromfield's four panel "Escape." Balzac's themes, too, have been transplanted. France's greatest novelist remains, since Henry James's avowal of discipleship, the guiding spirit of American realistic fiction.

When this century was in its infancy Zola attained a pulpit notoriety almost as great as that of Oscar Wilde. Zola's firm stand for naturalism, for the inclusion in fiction of all materials, including the most coarse and base, and for scientific accuracy and completeness in relating a story, evoked a storm of hatred in this country even so late as the time of his death, 1902. Zola went beyond Balzac in showing that heredity, not business or profession, determined character, and his people underwent complete pathological and clinical examinations. From his stories of the terrible results of drink, vice, sin, crime, and gangrenous corruption of body and soul, our writers have learned to make their novels complete sociological documents.

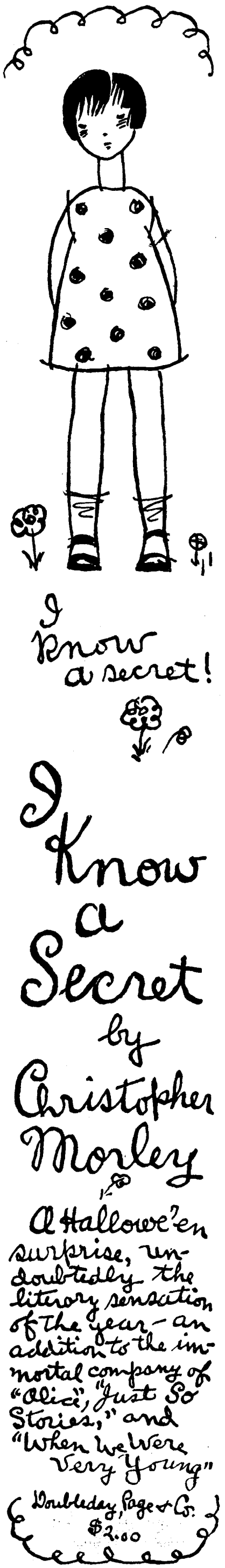
Gorki's success has led to a revival of interest in the tramp, thief, and wayfarer. Tolstoy, while not giving method or theme to many American writers, gave Howells, at least, the courage to accept realism. And quite recently Reymont's peasants have stood sponsor for a new theme in American fiction, and Knut Hamsun and Johan Bojer have given a new impetus to the middle westerners.

Realism has mounted the throne. It reigns because our past history and present tendencies demand bitter tonic to cure an indifferent patient. As long as corruption exists in high office, a "Revelry" begs to be written; as long as wounded soldiers are mistreated, a "Plumes" will cry for expression; as long as charlatanry is applauded, an "Arrowsmith" or "Babbitt" will be forthcoming. Literature is the product of an age, and that axiom applies to our era as well as to the time of Chaucer or Pope. Our failure to see this truth has led some of our good people to condemn books and authors and to overlook the evil the books seek to destroy. Realism necessarily must be polemic; by the very nature of its premise it believes something to be wrong. Mr. and Mrs. Everybody have been led to believe that the writer alone is at fault. They need to buy mirrors, and, looking in them, to learn that, if they do not like dirty faces, a wholesome bath is neither great bother nor entirely devastating in effect.

HARRY R. WARFEL.
Bucknell University.


red sky
at morning
by Margaret Kennedy
"Even more brilliant and fascinating than *The Constant Nymph!*" say the critics who read advance copies of this great story of London's handsomest twins and the changing star of their fortunes. Acclaimed by Christopher Morley, Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, Amy Loveman, and Henry Seidel Canby—and already in its 85th thousand!
author of "The Constant Nymph"
Doubleday, Page & Co.
$2.50 At all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


I know a secret!
I Know a Secret
by
Christopher Morley
A Hallowe'en surprise, undoubtedly the literary sensation of the year—an addition to the immortal company of "Alice," "Just So Stories," and "When We Were Very Young"
Doubleday, Page & Co.
$2.00

THE PHOENIX NEST

KLAUS MANN, the son of *Thomas Mann*, the German novelist, ought, by rights, to be published by Putnam rather than, as he is, by Boni & Liveright. We say this because Klaus Mann, now in this country with his sister, *Erika*, is only twenty and almost young enough to join the Putnam Boy Authors. The Putnam Boy Authors are four, as you know, *David Binney Putnam, Robert Carver North, Bradford Washburn*, and *Deric Nusbaum*. They all do nothing but roam about and write up their adventures. The latterday rover boys! . . .

Pretty soon the Putnam Boy Authors should fit out an expedition all by themselves and begin a new series with a book entitled, "Putnam Boy Authors in Timbuctoo." Well, that's good enough for a start. If they'd only go there! . . .

Dan Streeter is a different kind of an explorer. In "Denatured Africa" (Putnam) and "Camels" (same), he has produced two books with a tang of their own, out of the ordinary run of adventure chronicles. We are wondering whether Streeter doesn't originally hail from Buffalo, N. Y. In our dim, distant boyhood it seems to us that we recall a clever older boy of that name in the city on Lake Erie. . . .

We recently had a pleasant visit from *Lilian White Spencer* on her way home to Denver. In celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Sessions of the Continental Congress at York, Pennsylvania, she put on in The York Pageant "How the American Federation was Founded," an historical drama enacted by the People. We understand that the production was magnificent. . . .

Louis Untermeyer, now returned to this country after some time abroad, sat down on the *Aquitania* to suggest that, if we had tired of "Ferocious Sonnets," we might take up "Kindly Couplets." He presented us with the following to start with:

PORTRAIT OF A GENEROUS LADY AT TEA

Her charity greater than any I've known;
If you ask her for bread, she will give you a scone.

Leonard Bacon, happening to be in the office at the moment, promptly suggested another one to a hostess somewhat similar:

Her charity is never vain,
When you give sham she gives champagne.

He then roamed around our office looking into a number of the books of verse with which it is cluttered, went into a deep, brooding silence, and finally broke it with the remark that it had never occurred to him before but he had suddenly seen a vision of the Delphic Oracle sitting upon a tripe-hod. . . .

There will now be an intermission while we depart with Mr. Bacon to be fortified for a *Saturday Review* Lunch. Gentlemanly ushers will meanwhile pass among you requesting that you do not applaud errors. . . .

Having returned from the intermission, in the course of which we met *Mr. Geoffrey Dennis*, author of "Declaration of Love" (Knopf), all we can remember is that we learned from him that *Sherard Vines* is a reckonable poet in England. We in the United States know practically nothing of the poetry—or prose—of Sherard Vines. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Vines and *Mr. G. D. H. Cole*, the syndicalist and detective-story writer, started those annual anthologies of Oxford Poetry upon their way some years ago. Mr. Vines has recently inherited *Robert Nichols's* chair of English at Tokio University. He has also recently published a new volume of poems in England. In this day when the furore is all for *Humbert Wolfe*, it might be interesting to look into the matter of Vines's poetry also. Possibly Mr. Dennis is prejudiced through friendship, as he would willingly admit, but we hope that Mr. Vines will soon find an American publisher. He should, according to accounts. . . .

"Phillida and Coridon and Other Pastorals," by *Nicholas Breton*, with drawings in color by *Ernest Fiene*, is the second book to be printed and published at The Spiral Press, 91 Seventh Avenue. It is a beautiful piece of work. The poems were chosen and edited with a foreword by *Joseph Blumenthal*. The volume is a large octavo, forty-eight pages, printed on Navarre Book paper from Eve type, bound in green paper covered boards and vellum back. The frontispiece is in five colors, the remaining illustrations in two colors. The price is seven fifty. This is the work of one of the great Elizabethan lyrical poets. No collection has previously been published in the United States, and since the editions of *Alexander Grosart* in 1879 and 1890 and the anthologies of Elizabethan verse compiled by *A. H. Bullen* during the same period, no collection has appeared in England. . . .

The Labor Temple Poetry Forum at 242 East Fourteenth Street (Chapel, Upstairs) announces itself again as a famous rendezvous for intellectuals. "Come early and often!" they cry. Every Thursday (October 6th to July) from 8:15 to 10:15 P. M. there are poetry evenings. The admission is twenty-five cents and you are not allowed to smoke. *Anton Romatka* is the Director. . . .

We hear rumors that *Deems Taylor's* new opera is based upon *Heywood Broun's* "Gandle Follows His Nose," and that someone remarked in this connection, "Well, Heywood, that seems to be burning the Gandle at both ends." . . .

We were so entranced by *Walter Noble Burns's* "Saga of Billy the Kid," (see also the new "Authentic Life of Billy the Kid" by the only original *Pat F. Garrett*, who shot him [Macmillan]) that we rejoice in the announcement that Burns now has a new book out called "Tombstone," another thrilling volume concerning the old West. Aside from the wealth of Western material he has dug up, Mr. Burns knows how to handle it. He is a remarkable writer. . . .

From Dodd, Mead come two large volumes edited by *Arthur L. Hayward*, the first "Amusements Serious and Comical," including "Letters on Several Occasions and Letters from the Dead to the Living," by *Tom Brown;* the other, "Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals," collected from original papers and authentic memoirs and first published in 1735. Both volumes are illustrated by old prints. Tom Brown, of Shropshire, was born in 1663. It was Tom Brown who, on getting into trouble at Oxford and being brought before the dean of his college, *Dr. John Fell*, translated the epigram of Martial, which the Doctor set him, viz:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum posso dicere, non amo te.

as—

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Tom Brown was a wit with a taste for low company, "one of the best of Grub Street's literary hacks—scholarly, witty, scurrilous, and unscrupulous." "He is inevitably," says Mr. Hayward, "compared with *Ned Ward*" (whose "The London Spy," by the way, has just been brought out in a modern edition by Doran). . . .

A peculiar religious poet is *Evan Morgan*, whose new book has just been published over here by Brentano's, bearing an introduction by *Alfred Noyes*. Mr. Noyes's foreword is very sound concerning the work, which he finds uneven but full of flashes. "The Eel," the title-poem, he thinks one that should survive. We are rather inclined to agree with him. We read it first when it was printed in *The Forum*, and it seems to us to have uncanny and remarkable quality. . . .

The other day we were startled by a headline, "David Bone captures Oceanus," and pictured a fine Scotch nautical author of our acquaintance as having ensnared a genuine sea-god on one of his trips between here and Glasgow. Alas! Not so. It was merely that the close of the racing season on Long Island saw a colt of the Belair Stud, an outsider in the betting, beat out "Excalibur," the 2 to 5 choice, in the Oceanus Handicap. David Bone won "drawing away through the stretch." But what colt with a name like that could lose! He certainly had his sea legs on!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

The sloganeers and bell-ringers of our advertising staff are nimble virtuosi, but they can't work fast enough to keep up with our authors and accountants.

Last week we OK'd an advertisement announcing that *Trader Horn* was earning $2,000 a week on royalties. When the first proof came in, the bookkeepers reported that the figure had jumped to $3,000 and by the time the final proof arrived the market advanced to $4,000.

The plain fact of the matter is that on the current best-seller list for general literature, impartially compiled by the Baker and Taylor Company by the actual nation-wide count of books of *all* publishers, five out of the first ten are books published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

We refuse to embroider the theme, or demur with faint and blushing protestations. It is only fair to point out that *The Inner Sanctum* has its goodly share of *worst*-sellers, too.

Does any reader of these passing whimsies recall the name of a publishing house which in the Fall of 1924 had *five of the first six best-sellers in non-fiction*—a far more spectacular performance?

To the first twenty clients of *The Inner Sanctum*—perhaps the word "first" is superfluous—who can correctly cite that publisher's name, and titles of his five best-sellers aforementioned, a copy of any one of our own current five best-sellers will be dispatched, gratefully, and gratis.

To end the suspense, here is the five-out-of-ten best-sellers roster sporting the colors of SIMON AND SCHUSTER, in the order named:

Trader Horn
Transition, A Mental Autobiography by WILL DURANT
The Story of Philosophy, by WILL DURANT
Mind Your P's and Q's, by JEROME MEYER
Cross Word Puzzle Book, NUMBER EIGHT

We have no illusions about the magic properties of best-sellers. The tragedy is that they do not help our other books enough.

Many have called *The Story of Philosophy* a miracle book because it has been a best-seller two years running and is now romping along in its one hundred and seventy-fifth thousand. To such a broadside we have two pat replies:

First: We of *The Inner Sanctum*—both of us—thought *The Story of Philosophy* was a miracle book even before it sold its first edition of 1500 copies—simply on the basis of the personal adventure and thrill of reading it.

Second: We will not believe that even *The Story of Philosophy* is a miracle of miracles until the thousands of readers storm the book stores crying, "We enjoyed DURANT, now we want other SIMON AND SCHUSTER books—give us *Verdi, a Novel of the Opera*, by FRANZ WERFEL or WEBSTER'S *Poker Book*, or *A Million and One Nights*—some more books from *The Inner Sanctum*."

FRANZ WERFEL, by the way, has a new book out—a novel worthy of the author of *Goat Song, Juarez* and *Maximilian* and the novel of the opera already cited. The name of the new book is *The Man Who Conquered Death*. It is a little epic of heroism; it is brilliantly translated by CLIFTON P. FADIMAN and WILLIAM A. DRAKE. Forget best-sellers for the nonce, take the advice of *The Inner Sanctum* and see again why sixty thousand Germans can't be wrong.

A few of our Phi Beta Kappa friends have chided *The Inner Sanctum* for its frequent references to poker. We are unrepentant devotees of the ancient and honorable pastime. We want to advertise WEBSTER'S *Poker Book* all we can; we believe our profession of publishing is not unlike a game of stud, with the deuces wild; and finally we point out that the best-selling novel in America—and we salute our Borzoi neighbors of 57th Street—is WARWICK DEEPING'S latest offering, *Kitty*.

—ESSANDESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

AN "Association for the Preservation of B R" comes near to being the one thing needful for the good of typography at the present moment. Such an organization would begin by providing a bodyguard with instructions to impound all communications, and communicants, attempting to persuade Mr. Rogers to do a book. Secondly, it would roast publicly each and every friend of his who makes a book about him.

Bruce Rogers is a great printer, who cannot now escape the penalties incidental to his achievements. He has already weathered more temptations to lose his head, and his modesty, than fall to the lot of most people, and there is no reason to fear that he will be influenced in any way by the latest contribution to BRiana. Nevertheless, he ought to be protected from a succession of reminders that he is a public character, and that he can no longer have any unalloyed fun by himself, in his own way.

It is a very distinguished group that has combined to test Mr. Rogers's sense of self-importance. First it was the revered Keeper of the British Museum; then the Adviser to the Princeton University Press; now the Printer to Yale University. Even Harvard adds its own humble commendation through undergraduate channels. Curiously, each of the three books about Rogers came into being without the slightest intention on the part of the author to capitalize an established friendship. Alfred Pollard wrote a cheerful little essay on modern fine printing, in order that his friends of the Bibliographical Society in London might realize that an American was doing very interesting work. With the best will in the world, John Cotton Dana seized upon this and made a book out of it for the Carteret Book Club. Similarly, Mr. Warde's account of the same subject was most appropriate for the pages of the *Fleuron*. And just as inevitably, Mr. Pottinger of the Harvard Press saw the chance to do an unquestionable service to fine bookmaking, and another volume came into being.

The picture lacked what is in many ways its most attractive aspect, and Mr. Rollins added this in a brief contribution to the pages of *Direct Advertising*. There it was safely tucked away and could do no harm. But while those who had the good luck to know about it were still chuckling gratefully over the gaieties that had been preserved from oblivion, it has been snatched forth and made into a book by Richard W. Ellis at the Georgian Press. Clearly, it is a publication that ought to be discouraged and suppressed. In fact, a good many admirers of the subject are likely to do just this suppressing, by removing as many copies as they can afford from further public circulation. Whatever one thinks of its morals, this account of "America's Typographic Playboy" is delightfully entertaining. Its execution utterly absolves the subject from all suspicion of having had a hand in it, but is all the more significant on that account as showing how his influence permeates. The typographic cover is particularly successful, and almost justifies everything else. Henceforth, anyone who sets himself up as knowing about Bruce Rogers, must pass the test of explaining each individual feature on this pictorial book cover.

THE newly revised prayer book of the Episcopal Church is to have a sumptuous typographic treatment if present plans are carried out. We understand that the printer has not yet been chosen, but that the probable choice lies among four or five printing-houses, including leading typographers here and in England. It would seem absurd for the book to be done out of the country, not out of deference to the Home Market Club, but for the fact that it will have more fitting dress if done in America by any of the two or three American printers who are fully as competent to do it as any abroad. The new edition is likely to be a supreme effort on the part of the printer, and from some tentative pages which we have seen the book is likely to be a very fine production.

"Morrow's Almanack for the Year of Our Lord 1928" has come from William Morrow & Co., edited by Burton Rascoe. The book is a thick 12mo, got up in the style of the—well, of some previous century, and on the whole interestingly got up. There was a time, when the *Chap Book* was new, and machine typesetting was still in the future, when hand-set Caslon type was still used for book printing, and Carl Heintzemann was printing in Boston, when "period" printing of such "almanacks" was done in a fascinating way. This almanac is one of the best attempts we have seen in recent years at this antiquarian chronometry. As befits such a production, the book has diverting contributions from American men and women of letters like Gertrude Stein, Texas Guinan, Florenz Ziegfeld, Gilda Gray, and Edna Woolman Chase, and writers like H. L. Mencken, Frank Sullivan, E. W. Howe, Ellsworth Huntington, Dorothy Parker, and some two score more. The contributions by these authors have all been written especially for the almanac. And there is the usual mélange of prognostications, horoscopes, racing tips, and some entertaining monthly "Book-of-the-Week Club" suggestions by John Macy, which we shall treasure.

Oscar Wilde's "Salomé" has been issued by Dutton with "inventions" by John Vassos which are probably effective in the original colors; but they are not very good as reproduced in half-tone. The publisher issues the book with the title spelled "Salome"—and that is probably the way it will appear in this column. We are shamefully careless in this country in the use of accents. The newspaper is hopeless—only one in a thousand either knowing or caring about accents. But since the typesetting machine came in there has been much less attention paid to this small matter than used to be the case. We could never see why the accent should be omitted even if difficult to introduce in machine composition. In the case of this particular book the printer has done his part properly—the omission of the accent is in the drawn lettering on title and cover. But too often book printing is marred by carelessness in this important detail. Few foreign words are so obsequious as the French city of Liege, which cannot even determine officially whether the grave or the acute is to be used.

A particularly satisfactory piece of bookmaking is "Benjamin Franklin's Proposals for the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania," printed at the Harvard University Press by Bruce Rogers, for the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor. Previous Franklin items from the same library and printer have set a high standard, but this book is particularly welcome as a first-class piece of printing unhampered by plates. The book is set in "Baskerville" and "Oxford" type used in a thoroughly sound way to make a page which is a model of straightforward typography. The present reprint of the "Proposals" is of more than ordinary interest. As a result of Franklin's suggestions came the University of Pennsylvania, but the editor of this reprint (which is not in fac-simile) points out that even in our own day educational theory may still be lagging behind the ideas of the astute author. In short, this particular Franklin reprint seems to possess intrinsic value much beyond that of much of the Franklin ephemera which has been printed of late years. The present edition is limited to 330 copies for private distribution.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & COINS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AUTOGRAPHS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP is a national institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 164, Genealogy, 5,033 titles, price 10c; No. 168, Rare Americana, 309 pp., 2,463 titles, illus., price 50c; No. 169, Autographs, 4,472 titles, free. No. 170, Rare Books, 1,110 titles, free. When in Boston, browse in Goodspeed's, Nos. 7 and 9a Ashburton Place; No. 5a Park St.; No. 2 Milk St.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City. Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BARGAIN OFFERS

$1.90 each; Kitty, Circus Parade, Zelda Marsh, Death Comes for Archbishop, Something about Eve, Dream of Woman, Road to Heaven, Dusty Answer, Mad Carews, Great Bear. Following $1.55 each: Jalna, Barberry Bush, More Than Wife, Children of Ritz, Lights Up. 15 to 25% discount all other books. Write for free catalog. Phone Regent 4277. Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

A MOST UNUSUAL OFFER—Aphrodite by Pierre Louys. A tale of the lives, manners, and customs of pagan Alexandria when Eros ruled supreme. Hitherto unobtainable except at the regular prices of the limited $10 and $20 editions. We have a number of the unexpurgated, limited $10 edition that we are offering at $5.25. Complete and unexpurgated translations, privately printed and illustrated of the following: Rabelais, Decameron, Droll Stories, Heptameron, Confessions of Rousseau, Mademoiselle De Maupin, at $3.25. We specialize in supplying out-of-print, unusual, and rare books. Special lists of particular interests on request. Monthly bulletin mailed free. Argonaut Book Co., 143 Madison Ave., New York City.

. . . there is scarcely an American author of prominence who has not at least one work which will always arouse the efforts of the restless seeker (of first editions). —Milton Waldman.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER. 10 titles, Knut Hamsun, all new with jackets as issued, including Mysteries (just published) and Growth of the Soil (the Nobel Prize book); also a study of Hamsun by H. A. Larsen. The ten titles, representing a value of $21.50, postpaid **anywhere for $10.00.** Bargain catalogues sent on request. Also Catalogue of Moderately Priced First Editions, Private Press Items and other collectors' books; mailed on application. Young's, 1413 Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMPLETE AND UNEXPURGATED translations of Foreign Classics. Privately printed and Illustrated Editions. Rousseau's Confessions, Boccaccio's Decameron, Balzac's Droll Stories, The Heptameron, etc., $3.50 each. Catalogue upon request. American Book Collectors' Service, 321 Broadway, New York.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOKPLATES BY PRITKIN. Individual, distinctive designs. Send for Reproductions of my work. 1254 So. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, ASSOCIATION copies, autographed books bought and sold: send for catalogues, Christian Gerhardt, 17 West 44th Street, New York.

NEW CATALOGUE of unusual books in English, French and German mailed free. Catalogues of Americana, miscellaneous literature and First Editions also issued. Schulte's Book Store, Inc., 80 Fourth Avenue, New York City (Tenth Street).

LIMITED AUTOGRAPHED EDITIONS. New, perfect. $10 each postpaid; Woman at Point Sur, Prejudices 5th and 6th Mencken, Land Pilgrims Pride, Nathan, Marco Millions $17.50; Annette and Sylvie, Rolland $7.50. Catalogues Free. Seiffers, 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

LIMITED, INSCRIBED EDITION of Lindbergh's "We," $27.50 postpaid. All new books furnished. Furman, 363 West 51st Street, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS; FINE PRESSES; OLD Rare and Curious Books; Illustrated Books, Choice Bindings; Fine Library Sets and a large stock of Good Second-hand Books on all subjects at reasonable prices. Visit our attractive shop or write for free catalogs. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

TRISTRAM-ROBINSON, limited, signed, also first trade edition. October Blast—Yeats, limited 350. Yuletide in Younger World—Hardy, limited 350. The Country Bookshop, Greenwich, Connecticut.

GENERAL

ADNAK CHRISTMAS GREETINGS on Imported Handmade papers, handmade envelopes to match. Original designs in color resembling woodcuts and etchings. Set of eighteen different Greetings sent postpaid for $2.00. The Little Window. 15 Depot Street, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

THE BOOKSELLER & PRINT DEALERS' weekly contains the finest List of Books, Prints, Autographs and Stamps for Sale and Wanted. Around 2,000 items offered or asked for Weekly. Also Information on Literary Subjects, articles by experts, latest Auction Records, etc. Monthly Supplements contain the World's Trade List of Want and Sale items. Annual Subscription, $3.50; 6 months, $2; Three months, $1. Supplements included. Supplements only 50 cents. 233-239 West 42nd Street, New York.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

LANGUAGES

BOOKS ON AND IN ORIENTAL, less known European and American Aboriginal Languages. Paul R. Carr, 3923 Packard St., Long Island City, N. Y. Oriental Language and Philological Bookseller.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Caledonia 0047.

RARE BOOKS

RARE BOOKS. The Walden Book Shop, 410 Michigan Avenue North, Chicago, Ill., will be glad to help you in your search for rare books, modern first editions, books published by private presses. Send a list of items desired and ask for catalogue.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. C. Howes, Bookseller, 485 London Road, Hastings, England.

RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS. E. W. Johnson, 362 W. 123rd St., New York. Send for List No. 63 of Valuable Books.

THE WEST, THE INDIANS, local history, genealogy. Catalogues on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

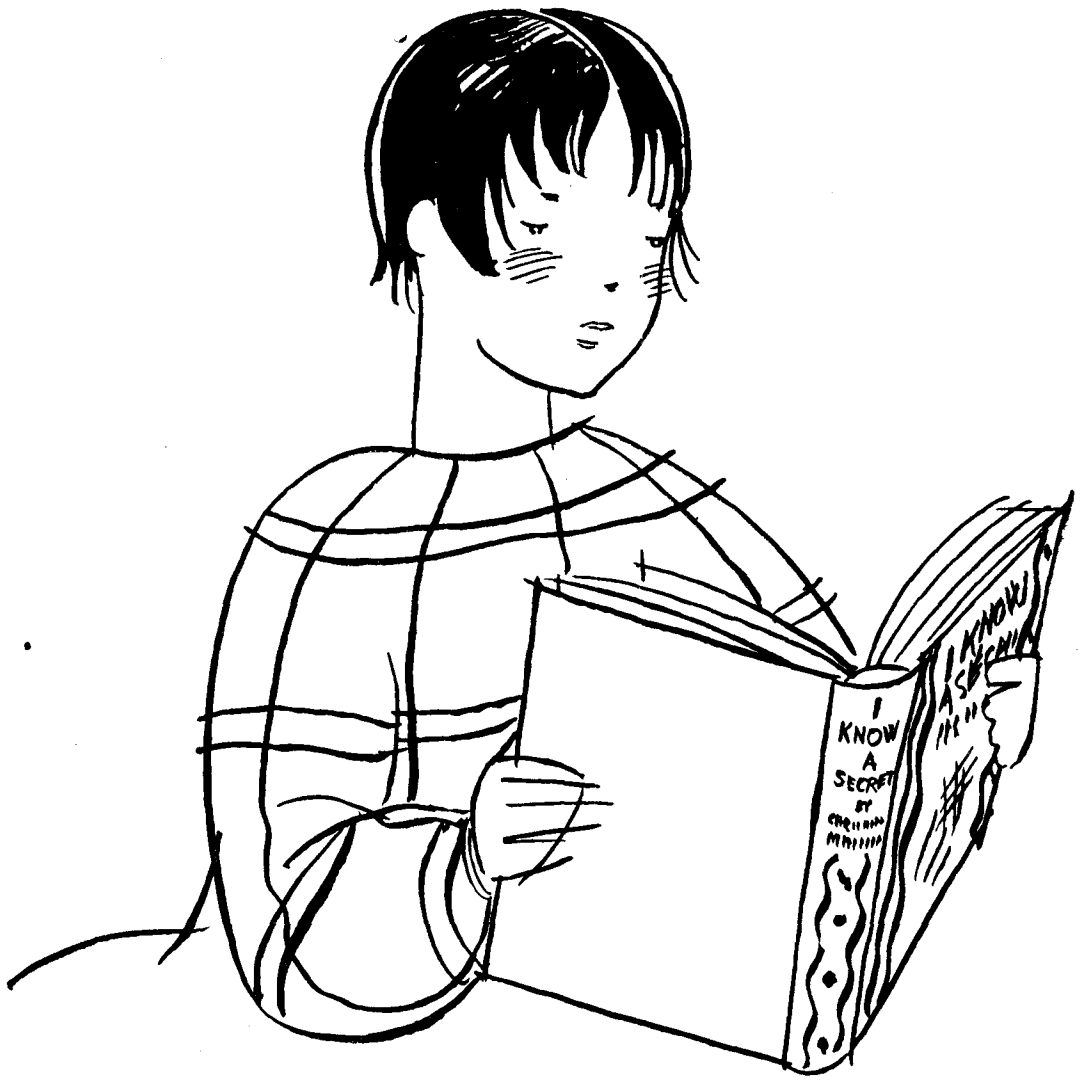
MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction;—Short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

STAMPS

AMONGST THE COLLECTORS OF books and autographs are many interested in philately. They like to read about Stamp dealers' offerings. There are also many book collectors who may be drawn to stamp collecting by judicious advertising. *Counter Attractions* is a good place to advertise stamps.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



They wear their books out!

Children don't just read books through—they read them till they almost know them by heart. And of course they love their old dog-eared copies of *Alice, Just So Stories,* and *Hans Christian Andersen*—but they want the best new books too—books written for the modern child, modern stories with lots of pictures. Give them these for Children's Book Week and Christmas!

For the youngest

PEPPI THE DUCK
Text and drawings by Rhea Wells
Beautiful pictures and story about a little duck in an Alpine village. $2.00

JUST ONE MORE
Verses and pictures by Natalie Johnson Van Vleck
Charming verses and pictures about little boys and girls. $2.50

CLEVER BILL
Text and color illustrations by William Nicholson
Brilliant color pictures and an amusing story about a soldier doll. $1.00

PETER POCKET
by May Justus
A little boy in the Cumberland mountains. *Illustrated by Mabel Pugh.* $1.50

A LITTLE BOOK OF DAYS
Verses and illustrations by Rachel Field
Pictures and rhymes by the author of *An Alphabet for Boys and Girls.* 75c

For girls to thirteen

NADITA
by Grace Moon
The adventures of a little Mexican girl by the author of *Chi-weé. Illustrated by Carl Moon.* $2.00

STOREY MANOR
by Ethel Cook Eliot
A mystery story for girls by a favorite author. $2.00

CIVILIZING CRICKET
by Forrestine C. Hooker
A little wild Western girl in an Eastern school. *Illustrated by Leslie Crump.* $2.00

MARTY LU'S TREASURE
by Mary Dickerson Donahey
The troubles and fun of the delightful Clover family. *Illustrated by Ilse Bischoff.* $2.00

THE HARRISON CHILDREN
by Otto M. and Mabel S. Becker
A delightful family hunt for a home—in a Ford! $1.75

For every boy and girl

I KNOW A SECRET
by Christopher Morley
The biggest news of the year for children and parents too—the most delightful book Morley ever wrote. *Illustrated by Jeanette Warmuth.* $2.00

THE WINGED HORSE
by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill
The story of poetry and the poets from Homer till today—an amazing biography and anthology. *Illustrated by Paul Honoré.* $3.50

CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE
by Elizabeth Cleveland Miller
An inspiring story of the Albanian mountains. *Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham.* $2.00

MARIONETTES, MASKS AND SHADOWS
by Winifred H. Mills and Louise M. Dunn
Complete information about making and using marionettes—a practical and beautiful book! *Illustrated by Corydon Bell.* $3.50

DRAKE'S QUEST
by Cameron Rogers
A thrilling life of the great sea hero by the author of *The Magnificent Idler. Illustrated by James Daugherty.* $2.50

ONCE IN FRANCE
by Marguerite Clément
Stories and legends of old France. "A book in a thousand."—*Anne Carrol Moore. Illustrated.* $2.00

KRIS AND KRISTINIA
by Marie Bruce
A new kind of Christmas story about Santa Claus. *Illustrated in color by James Daugherty.* $1.35

For older girls

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY
by Caroline Dale Snedeker
A fine Nantucket story by the author of *The Spartan* and *Theras and His Town. Illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney.* $2.00

MEREDITH'S ANN
by Elizabeth Janet Gray
Introducing a little girl other little girls will love. $2.00

MILADY AT ARMS
by Edith Bishop Sherman
A girl in New Jersey during the Revolution. $2.00

BIBI: A LITTLE DANISH GIRL
by Karin Michaelis
The ridiculous, lovable adventures of a little runaway girl in Denmark. *Illustrated by Hedvig Collin.* $2.50

Adventures for boys and girls

THE SPREADING STAIN
by Charles J. Finger
A regular Jules Verne story by the author of *Tales from Silver Lands.* $2.00

THE JINX SHIP
by Howard Pease
Mystery and excitement at sea, by the author of *The Tattooed Man. Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine.* $2.00

AMERICAN BOY SEA STORIES
Favorite sea stories by famous authors selected from *The American Boy Magazine.* $2.00

RUSS FARRELL, Border Patrolman
by Thomson Burtis
The most thrilling of all the Russ Farrell aviation stories. $1.50

SIBERIAN GOLD
by Theodore and Winifred Harper
Excitement in far eastern Siberia. $2.00

RANN BRADEN, Circus Showman
by Rex Lee
A real story of circus life, written from the inside. $1.75

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Garden City, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED